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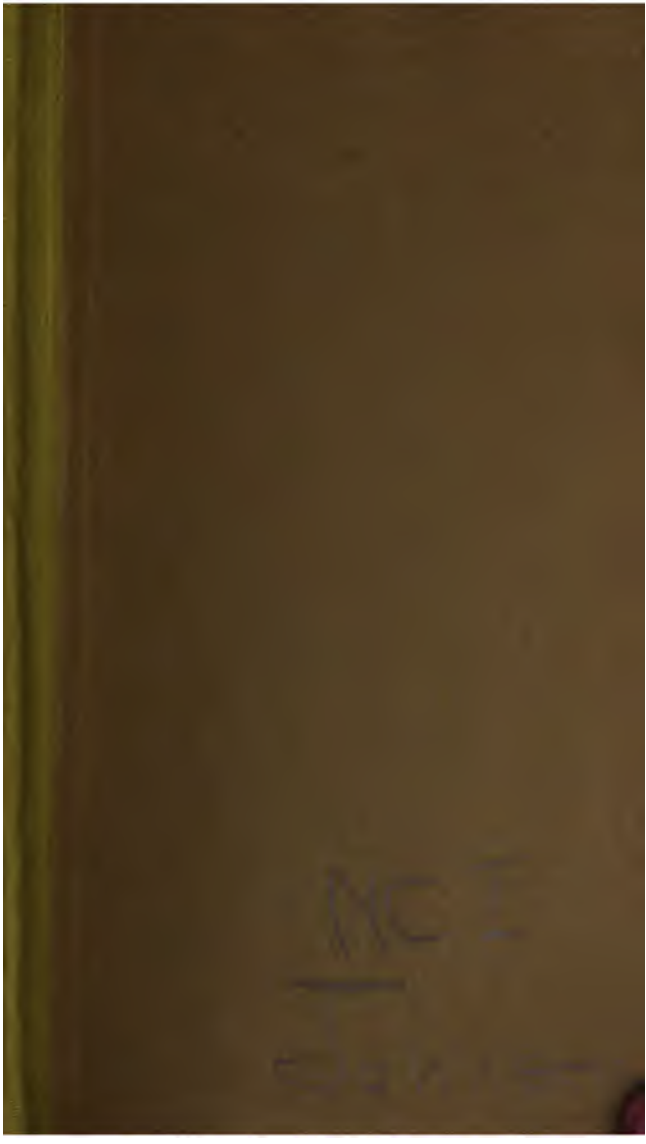

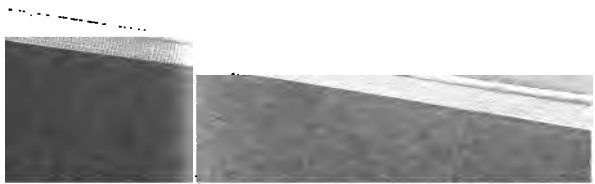

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-SECOND.

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF GAY.

VOLUME II.

POEMS

By Mr. GAY.

TALES.

AN ANSWER

TO THE SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER'S STYLE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his prologue told,
And faine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
How that in Hell they ſearchen near and wide,
And ne one Freer in all thilke place eſpyde:
But lo! the devil turn'd his erſe about,
And twenty thouſand Freers wend in and out.
By which in Jeoffry's rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.
Now liſtneth lordings! forthwith ye ſhall hear,
What happend at a houſe in Lancaſhire.
A miſere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,

Owned a houſe which emptye long yſtood,
Full deeply ſited in a derkning wood;
Murmring a ſhallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round ſtones it maken doleful ſong.
Now there ſpreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms yhaunted been by many a ſprite;
The miller avoucheth, and all thereabout,
That they full oft' hearen the helliſh rout;
Some ſaine they hear the jingling of chains,
And ſome hath yheard the pſautries ſtraines;
At midnight ſome the heedleſs horſe ymeet,
And ſome eſpien a corſe in a white ſheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin, and elfe,
And ſhapes that fear createn to itſelfe.
Now it ſo hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,
Where liven a Freer ycleped Pere Thomas,
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds paſs.
This Freer would lye in thilke houſe all night,
In hope he might eſpyen a dreadful ſprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere.
He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
And haſpen the door, to haſpen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put cloſe by the bed,
And in low tone his *ave marye* ſaid.
With water now beſprinkled hath the floore,
And maken crofs on key-hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouſe-hole in thilke place,
But he ycroſſed hath by God his grace:

He

He croſſed hath this, and eke he croſſed that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.
Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had juſt ſtricken the twelfth foun.
Bethinketh him now what the cauſe had ybeen,
Why many ſprites by mortals have been ſeen.
Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch hath yſed
That Cæſar's ſprite came to Brute his bed;
Of chains that frighten erſt Artemidore,
The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that ſome murdere here been done,
And he mought ſee ſome bloodye ghoſt anone,
Or that ſome orphlines writings here be ſtor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he might ſee no ſprite,
The Abbaye mought buy this houſe cheap outright.
As hem thus thinketh, anone aſleep he lies,
Up ſtarten Sathanas with faucer eyes.
He turned the Freer upon his face downright,
Diſplaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him ſore,
Thou didſt forget to guard thy poſtern-door.
There is an hole which hath not croſſed been:
Farewel, from whence I came, I creepen in.
Now plain it is ytellen in my verſe,
If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erſe,
On earth the Devil in Freers doth ydwell;
Were there no Freers, the Devil mought keep in E

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A TALE.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife:
This long have luſty Abbots known,
Who ne'er knew ſpouſes—of their own.
What though your houſe be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds compleat;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he ſhould every diſh commend;
On Bagſhot-heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Though pureſt wine your cellars boaſt,
Wine worthy of the faireſt toaſt;
Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let 's ſee the maid you hir'd.—
Bleſs me! thoſe hands might hold a broom,
Twirle round a mop, and waſh a room:
A batchelor his maid ſhould keep,
Not for that ſervile uſe to ſweep;
Let her his humour underſtand,
And turn to every thing her hand.
Get you a laſs that 's young and tight,
Whoſe arms are, like her apron, white.
What though her ſhift be ſeldom ſeen,
Let that, though coarſe, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wriſt your ruffle mend;

Then

Then, if you break a roguiſh jeſt,
Or ſqueeze her hand, or pat her breaſt,
She cries, Oh, dear Sir, don't be naught!
And bluſhes ſpeak her laſt night's fault.
To her your houſhold cares confide,
Let your keys jingle at her ſide.
A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye;
Ev'n while you chide, you ſmile on Betty.
Diſcharge him then, if he's too ſpruce;
For Betty 's for his maſter's uſe.
Will you your amorous fancy baulk,
For fear ſome prudiſh neighbour talk?
But you 'll object, that you 're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid.
Beſides, your wiſer heads will ſay,
That ſhe who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your ſilver-ſpoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilfering trade?
For love all Betty's wants ſupplies,
Laces her ſhoes, her manteau dyes,
All her ſtuff-ſuits ſhe flings away,
And wears thread-ſattin every day.
Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen-fire;
When all muſt own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the ſlut,
As well ſhe ſcours or ſcrubs a floor,
And ſtill is good for ſomething more?

Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a Prieſt, of conſcience nice,
To quell his luſt for neighbour's ſpouſe,
Keep fornication in his houſe.
But your're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counſel, curſe my rhyme.
Be ſatisfy'd: I 'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins—Of yore
There dwelt at Blois a Prieſt full fair,
With rolling eye and criſped hair;
His chin hung low, his brow was ſleek,
Plenty lay baſking on his cheek;
Whole days at cloyſter-grates he ſate,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the Nuns lamented
That double-bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confeſt,
With downcaſt eye, and heaving breaſt;
He ſtroak'd her cheek to ſtill her fear,
And talk'd of ſins *en cavalier*;
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At every jovial goſſip's feaſt
Pere Bernard was a welcome gueſt;
Mirth ſuffer'd not the leaſt reſtraint,
He could at will ſhake off the ſaint;
Nor frown'd he when they freely ſpoke,
But ſhook his ſides, and took the joke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jeſt,
And ſhar'd the ſins which they confeſt.

Yet

Yet, that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for every ſocial duty;
He meddled with no houſhold cares,
To her conſign'd his whole affairs:
She of his ſtudy kept the keys,
For he was ſtudious—of his eaſe:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage every cheſt and box;
Her honeſty ſuch credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was reſtrain'd.
In troth it was a goodly ſhow,
Lin'd with full hogſheads all a-row.
One veſſel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the reſt he lov'd;
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas ſet aſide,
To all but choiceſt friends deny'd.
He now and then would ſend a quart,
To warm ſome wife's retentive heart,
Againſt confeſſion's ſullen hour:
Wine has all ſecrets in its power.
At common feaſts it had been waſte,
Nor was it fit for layman's taſte.
If monk or friar were his gueſt,
They drank it; for they know the beſt.
Nay, he at length ſo fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.
Who ſhall recount his civil labours,
In pious viſits to his neighbours?

Whene'er weak huſbands went aſtray,
He gueſs'd their wives were in the way.
'Twas then his charity was ſhown,
He choſe to ſee them when alone.
Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
He knew friend Dennis was from home:
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a huſband's duty)
Had often told him at confeſſion,
How hard ſhe ſtruggled 'gainſt tranſgreſſion.
He now reſolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue ſtood.
He knew that wine (to love beſt aid)
Has oft' made bold the ſhame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd-up at Smith's or Needham's.
A mighty bottle ſtrait he choſe,
Such as might give two Friars their doſe.
Nannette he call'd: the cellar-door
She ſtraight unlocks, deſcends before;
He follow'd cloſe. But when he ſpies
His favourite caſk; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
Heigh-day! my darling wine aſtoop't
It muſt, alas! have ſprung a hoop.
That there 's a leak is paſt all doubt,
(Reply'd the maid)—I 'll find it out.
She ſets the candle down in haſte,
Tucks her white apron round her waiſt.

The hogſhead's mouldy ſide aſcends;
She ſtraddles wide, and downward bends:
So low ſhe ſtoops to ſeek the flaw,
Her coats roſe up, her maſter ſaw—
I ſee—he cries—(then claſps her faſt)
The leak through which my wine has paſt.
Then all in haſte the maid deſcended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.
Ere ſince this time, all luſty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant deſires,
Whene'er the fleſh with ſpirit quarrels)
Look on the ſex as leaky barrels.
Beware of theſe, ye jealous ſpouſes!
From ſuch-like coopers guard your houſes;
For, if they find not work at home,
For jobbs through all the town they roam.

THE EQUIVOCATION.

A TALE.

AN Abbot rich (whoſe taſte was good
Alike in ſcience and in food)
His Biſhop had reſolv'd to treat;
The Biſhop came, the Biſhop eat.
'Twas ſilence, till their ſtomachs fail'd;
And now at Hereticks they rail'd.
What Hereſy (the Prelate ſaid)
Is in that Church where Prieſts may wed?
Do not we take the Church for life?
But theſe divorce her for a wife;
Like laymen, keep her in their houſes,
And own the children of their ſpouſes.
Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
For pious uſe we 're ſet aſide!
Shall we take wives? Marriage at beſt
Is but carnality profeſt!
Now, as the Biſhop took his glaſs,
He ſpy'd our Abbot's buxom laſs,
Who croſs'd the room; he mark'd her eye
That glow'd with love; his pulſe beat high.
Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate cries)
A maid ſo young! for ſhame, be wiſe.
Theſe indiſcretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues, to give us ſcandal.

For your vow's ſake, this rule I give t' ye:
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.
The Prieſt reply'd, I have not ſwerv'd,
But your chaſte precept well obſerv'd:
That laſs full-twenty-five has told;
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one ſum their ages caſt;
So both my maids have fifty paſt.
The Prelate ſmil'd, but durſt not blame;
For why? his Lordſhip did the ſame.
Let thoſe who reprimand their brothers,
Firſt mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE

A TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

SCEPTICKS (whoſe ſtrength of argument makes out,
That wiſdom's deep enquiries end in doubt)
Hold this aſſertion poſitive and clear,
That ſprites are pure deluſions, rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghoſt, which in preſaging ſound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary ſhade,
Theſe ever-doubting diſputants perſuade.
Straight they with ſmiles reply, Thoſe tales of old
By viſionary Prieſts were made and told.
Oh, might ſome ghoſt at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your ſneers my eaſy faith accuſe,
Which with ſuch idle legends ſcares the Muſe:
But think not that I tell thoſe vulgar ſprights,
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights,
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headleſs horſes drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghoſts, by ſaucer eye-balls known,
The common ſpectres of each country-town.
No, I ſuch fables can like you deſpiſe,
And laugh to hear theſe nurſe-invented lies.
Yet has not oft' the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to reſtore an orphan's right?

And

And can we doubt that horrid ghoſts aſcend,
Which on the conſcious murderer's ſteps attend?
Hear then, and let atteſted truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.
Where Arden's foreſt ſpreads its limits wide,
Whoſe branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A traveler took his ſolitary way,
When low beneath the hills was ſunk the day.
And now the ſkies with gathering darkneſs lour,
The branches ruſtle with the threaten'd ſhower;
With ſudden blaſts the foreſt murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the ſable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempeſt roars,
And heaven diſcharges all its watery ſtores.
The wandering traveler ſhelter ſeeks in vain,
And ſhrinks and ſhivers with the beating rain:
On his ſteed's neck the ſlacken'd bridle lay,
Who choſe with cautious ſtep th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noiſe foretold a village near.
At length from far a ſtream of light he ſees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he ſpeeds, and, as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domeſtic flame
That trembled through the window; croſs the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and ſtands at bay.
It was an antient lonely houſe, that ſtood
Upon the borders of the ſpacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements ariſe,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies.

Some Lord this manſion held in days of yore,
To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Straight he diſmounts, repeats his loud commands:
Swift at the gate the ready landlord ſtands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuſe,
His houſe was full, and every bed in uſe.
What not a garret, and no ſtraw to ſpare?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall ſerve for once to nod away the night.
The kitchen ever is the ſervant's right,
Replies the hoſt; there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen ſnore upon the ground.

The maid, who liſten'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary ſtranger's fate.
Be brave, ſhe cries, you ſtill may be our gueſt;
Our haunted room was ever held the beſt:
If then your valour can the fright ſuſtain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghoſt ſhall walk;
If you dare aſk it, why it leaves its tomb;
I'll ſee your ſheets well air'd, and ſhew the room.
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The ſtranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damſel led him through a ſpacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demoliſh'd wall:
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.

And

And now they gain'd the winding ſtairs' aſcent,
And to the lonely room of terrors went.
When all was ready, ſwift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was laid
The hardy ſtranger, and attends the ſprite
Till his accuſtom'd walk at dead of night.

At firſt he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the looſe lock, and ſwing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful ſound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo, the ſpectre came with horrid ſtride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghaſtful phantom ſtood,
Expos'd his mangled boſom dy'd with blood.
Then, ſilent, pointing to his wounded breaſt,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted gueſt
The bed-cords trembled, and with ſhuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high roſe his briſtled hair;
Then muttering haſty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art.
The ſtalking ghoſt with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted ſince with mortal eyes
I ſaw the ſun, and vital air reſpir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within theſe walls I ſlept. O thirſt of gain!
See, ſtill the planks the bloody mark retain.
Stretch'd on this very bed, from ſleep I ſtart,
And ſee the ſteel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hoſteſs held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my guſhing life.

My

My treaſure now they ſeize, the golden ſpoil
They bury deep beneath the graſs-grown ſoil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, ariſe,
My ſteps ſhall lead thee to the ſecret prize;
There dig, and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on juſtice, bid her not retard
To puniſh murder; lay my ghoſt at reſt:
So ſhall with peace ſecure thy nights be bleſt;
And, when beneath theſe boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in ſome ſacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghoſt. The ſtranger ſprings from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led:
The half-worn ſtony ſtairs they now deſcend,
Where paſſages obſcure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they paſs,
Now through wet meads their ſteps imprint the graſs.
At length amidſt a ſpacious field they came:
There ſtops the ſpectre, and aſcends in flame.
Amaz'd he ſtood, no buſh or brier was found,
To teach his morning ſearch to find the ground.
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear ſhook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he ſtarting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the ſtateſman's vaſt ambitious ſcheme,
But a ſhort viſion, and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes: but, for a garter, finds a rope.

THE

THE

MAD-DOG.

A TALE.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,
Had worn her velvet-cuſhion bare;
Upward ſhe taught her eyes to roll,
As if ſhe watch'd her ſoaring ſoul;
And, when devotion warm'd the croud,
None ſung, or ſmote their breaſt ſo loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre ſigns of grace.
Her maſs-book was compleatly lin'd
With painted Saints of various kind:
But, when in every page ſhe view'd
Fine Ladies who the fleſh ſubdued,
As quick her beads ſhe counted o'er,
She cry'd — Such wonders are no more!
She choſe not to delay confeſſion,
To bear at once a year's tranſgreſſion;
But every week ſet all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heaven.
Behold her now in humble guiſe,
Upon her knees with down-caſt eyes

Before the Prieſt: ſhe thus begins,
And, ſobbing, blubbers-forth her ſins:
"Who could that tempting man reſiſt?
"My virtue languiſh'd, as he kiſs'd;
"I ſtrove — till I could ſtrive no longer:
"How can the weak ſubdue the ſtronger?"
The Father aſk'd her where and when?
How many? and what ſort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft' the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I ſeen a pregnant wench
All fluſh'd with guilt before the bench:
The Judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they ſimper at her ſhame,
And make her call all things by name.
And now to ſentence he proceeds,
Preſcribes how oft' to tell her beads;
Shews her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her faſts, to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her ſins, and light as air,
Away ſhe trips, perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no ſuch thing. Why then this haſte?
The clock has ſtruck, the hour is paſt;
And, on the ſpur of inclination,
She ſcorn'd to bilk her aſſignation.
Whate'er ſhe did, next week ſhe came,
And piouſly confeſt the ſame.

The

The Prieſt, who female frailties pity'd,
Firſt chid her, then her ſins remitted.
But did ſhe now her crime bemoan
In penitential ſheets alone?
And was no bold, no beaſtly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conſcious of her love.
Confeſſion-day was come about,
And now again it all muſt out.
She ſeems to wipe her twinkling eyes:
"What now, my child?" the Father cries.
"Again!" ſays ſhe.—With threatening looks,
He thus the proſtrate dame rebukes:
"Madam, I grant there 's ſomething in it,
"That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
"But pray now tell me what are whores,
"But women of unguarded hours?
"Then you muſt ſure have loſt all ſhame.
"What! every day, and ſtill the ſame,
"And no fault elſe! 'tis ſtrange to find
"A woman to one ſin confin'd!
"Pride is this day her darling paſſion,
"The next day Slander is in faſhion;
"Gaming ſucceeds; if Fortune croſſes,
"Then Virtue 's mortgag'd for her loſſes;
"By uſe her favourite vice ſhe loaths,
"And loves new follies like new cloaths:
"But you, beyond all thought unchaſte,
"Have all ſin center'd near your waiſt!

" Whence is this appetite ſo ſtrong ?
" Say, Madam, did your mother long ?
" Or is it luxury and high diet
" That won't let virtue ſleep in quiet ?"
She tells him now, with meekeſt voice,
That ſhe had never err'd by choice;
Nor was there known a virgin chaſter,
Till ruin'd by a ſad diſaſter.
That ſhe a favourite lap-dog had,
Which (as ſhe ſtroak'd and kiſs'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
Firſt ſet her youthful blood fermenting.
The Prieſt reply'd, with zealous fury,
" You ſhould have ſought the means to cure ye.
" Doctors by various ways, we find,
" Treat theſe diſtempers of the mind.
" Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
" To her who raves with ſcornful pride;
" And, if religion crack her notions,
" Lock-up her volumes of devotions;
" But, if for man her rage prevail,
" Bar her the ſight of creatures male.
" Or elſe, to cure ſuch venom'd bites,
" And ſet the ſhatter'd thoughts arights;
" They ſend you to the ocean's ſhore,
" And plunge the patient o'er and o'er."
The dame reply'd, " Alas! in vain
" My kindred forc'd me to the main;
" Naked, and in the face of day:
" Look not, ye fiſhermen, this way!

" What

" What virgin had not done as I did?
" My modeſt hand, by nature guided,
" Debarr'd at once from human eyes
" The ſeat where female honour lies;
" And, though thrice dipt from top to toe,
" I ſtill ſecur'd the poſt below,
" And guarded it with graſp ſo faſt
" Not one drop through my fingers paſt.
" Thus owe I to my baſhful care,
" That all the rage is ſettled there."

Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, Reader, canſt thou find
The man from madneſs wholly free?
They all are mad — ſave you and me.
Do not the ſtateſman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they 're bit?
And, when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part ſtill kept above the tide?

Some men (when drench'd beneath the wa
High o'er their heads their fingers ſave:
Thoſe hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive:
Or, more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge-in a courtier; ſtrait his fears
Direct his hands to ſtop his ears.
And now truth ſeems a grating noiſe,
He loves the ſlanderer's whiſpering voice;

He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulſome praiſe is right.
All women dread a watery death:
They ſhut their lips, to hold their breath;
And, though you duck them ne'er ſo long,
Not one ſalt drop e'er wets their tongue:
'Tis hence they ſcandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies ſtill.

THE

THE

QUIDNUNKI'S:

A

TALE.

OCCASIONED

By the DEATH of the DUKE REGENT of FRANCE.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours?
(Said, at dame Elliot's *, maſter Travers)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh, may all ſtateſmen die prepar'd!
I do foreſee (and for fore-ſeeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be diſbanded.
— I wiſh the King were ſafely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land;
All France and England at a ſtand!
There 's Meroweis — mark! ſtrange work!
And there 's the Czar, and there 's the Turk;
The Pope — An India merchant by,
Cut ſhort the ſpeech with this reply:
" *All* at a ſtand? You ſee great changes?
" Ah, Sir! you never ſaw the Ganges.
" There dwell the nations of Quidnunki's
" (So Monomotapa calls monkies):

* A coffee-houſe near St. James's.

" On either bank, from bough to bough,
" They meet and chat (as we may now).
" Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
" They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
" And, juſt as chance or whim provoke them,
" They either bite their friends, or ſtroke them.
" There have I ſeen ſome active prig,
" To ſhew his parts, beſtride a twig:
" Lord! how the chattering tribe admire,
" Not that he 's wiſer, but he 's higher:
" All long to try the venturous thing
" (For power is but to have one's ſwing);
" From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
" And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
" Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
" Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
" Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
" Never, ah never, to return!
" Zounds! what a fall had our dear brother;
" Morbleu! cries one; and Damme! t'other.
" The nations give a general ſcreech;
" None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
" Each trembles for the public weal,
" And for a while forgets to ſteal.
" A while, all eyes, intent and ſteddy,
" Purſue him, whirling down the eddy.
" But, out of mind when out of view,
" Some other mounts the twig anew;
" And buſineſs, on each monkey-ſhore,
" Runs the ſame track it went before."

FABLES.

IN TWO PARTS.

" Shall not my Fables cenſure vice,
" Becauſe a knave is over-nice? —
" If I laſh vice in general fiction,
" Is 't I apply, or ſelf-conviction?
" Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
" If men in morals are the ſame?
" I no man call or ape or aſs;
" 'Tis his own conſcience holds the glaſs.
" Thus void of all offence I write:
" Who claims the Fable, knows his right."

PROL. TO SHEP. WEEK.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

PART THE FIRST.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;

In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners, weigh'd?
The Shepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple Nature drain'd;

Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry:
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In converſation overbear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fa

Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent-kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And, from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

TO HIS HIGHNESS

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

THE LION, THE TIGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young Prince! the moral lay,
And in theſe TALES mankind ſurvey;
With early virtues plant your breaſt,
The ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are ſtrangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praiſe betimes,
For flattery 's the nurſe of crimes:
Friendſhip by ſweet reproof is ſhown
(A virtue never near a throne):
In courts ſuch freedom muſt offend;
There none preſumes to be a friend.
To thoſe of your exalted ſtation,
Each courtier is a dedication.
Muſt I, too, flatter like the reſt,
And turn my morals to a jeſt?
The Muſe diſdains to ſteal from thoſe
Who thrive in courts by fulſome proſe.
But ſhall I hide your real praiſe,
Or tell you what a nation ſays?
They in your infant boſom trace
The virtues of your royal race;

In

In the fair dawning of your mind,
Diſcern you generous, mild, and kind:
They ſee you grieve to hear diſtreſs,
And pant already to redreſs.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we juſtly may preſage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage ſhall your boſom fire,
And future actions own your ſire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to ſave.

A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The proſtrate game a Lion ſpies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar refounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, diſtil with blood;
Till, vanquiſh'd by the Lion's ſtrength,
The ſpotted Foe extends his length.
The Man beſought the ſhaggy Lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus beſpoke his gueſt:
" What hardy beaſt ſhall dare conteſt
" My matchleſs ſtrength? You ſaw the fight,
" And muſt atteſt my power and right.
" Forc'd to forego their native home,
" My ſtarving ſlaves at diſtance roam.

" Within

FABLES.

" Within theſe woods I reign alone;
" The boundleſs foreſt is my own.
" Bears, wolves, and all the ſavage brood,
" Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
" Theſe carcaſſes on either hand,
" Thoſe bones that whiten all the land,
" My former deeds and triumphs tell,
" Beneath theſe jaws what numbers fell."
" True," ſays the Man, " the ſtrength I
" Might well the brutal nation awe;
" But ſhall a monarch, brave, like you,
" Place glory in ſo falſe a view?
" Robbers invade their neighbours' right.
" Be lov'd; let juſtice bound your might.
" Mean are ambitious heroes' boaſts
" Of waſted lands and ſlaughter'd hoſts.
" Pirates their power by murders gain;
" Wiſe kings by love and mercy reign.
" To me your clemency hath ſhown
" The virtue worthy of a throne.
" Heaven gives you power above the reſt,
" Like Heaven, to ſuccour the diſtreſt."
" The caſe is plain," the monarch ſaid;
" Falſe glory hath my youth miſled;
" For beaſts of prey, a ſervile train,
" Have been the flatterers of my reign.
" You reaſon well. Yet tell me, friend,
" Did ever you in courts attend?
" For all my fawning rogues agree,
" That human heroes rule like me."

FABLE II.

THE SPANIEL AND THE CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to diſobey command,
In pamper'd eaſe his hours were ſpent:
He never knew what Learning meant.
Such forward airs, ſo pert, ſo ſmart,
Were ſure to win his lady's heart;
Each little miſchief gain'd him praiſe;
How pretty were his fawning ways!
The wind was ſouth, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the ſofteſt ground;
When near him a Cameleon ſeen,
Was ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the green.
"Dear emblem of the flattering hoſt,
"What, live with clowns! a genius loſt!
"To cities and the court repair;
"A fortune cannot fail thee there:
"Preferments ſhall thy talents crown;
"Believe me, Friend; I know the Town
"Sir," ſays the Sycophant, "like you,
"Of old, politer life I knew:

"Like you, a courtier born and bred,
"Kings lean'd their ear to what I ſaid.
"My whiſper always met ſucceſs;
"The ladies prais'd me for addreſs.
"I knew to hit each courtier's paſſion,
"And flatter'd every vice in faſhion.
"But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
"At once cut ſhort my proſperous days,
"And, ſentenc'd to retain my nature,
"Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
"Doom'd to a life obſcure and mean,
"I wander in the ſylvan ſcene:
"For Jove the heart alone regards;
"He puniſhes what man rewards.
"How different is thy caſe and mine!
"With men at leaſt you ſup and dine;
"While I, condemn'd to thinneſt fare,
"Like thoſe I flatter'd, feed on air."

FABLE III.

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FA

GIVE me a ſon. The bleſſing ſent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half ſo fair and wiſe.
Wak'd to the morning's pleaſing care,
The mother roſe, and ſought her heir.

She ſaw the Nurſe like one poſſeſt,
With wringing hands and ſobbing breaſt.
"Sure ſome diſaſter has befell!
Speak, Nurſe; I hope the boy is well."
"Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Inviſibly the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and noſe?
The mother's eyes, as black as ſloes?
See, here, a ſhocking aukward creature,
That ſpeaks a fool in every feature!"
"The woman's blind, the Mother cries;
I ſee wit ſparkle in his eyes."
"Lord! Madam, what a ſquinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke, a pigmy ſprite
Pops through the key-hole ſwift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he ſtands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
"Whence ſprung the vain conceited lye,
That we the world with fools ſupply?
What! give our ſprightly race away
For the dull helpleſs ſons of clay!
Beſides, by partial fondneſs ſhewn,
Like you, we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?
And, ſhould we change with human breed,
Well might we paſs for fools indeed."

FABLE

FABLE IV.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

AS Jupiter's all-ſeeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the ſky,
From this ſmall ſpeck of earth were ſent
Murmurs and ſounds of diſcontent;
For every thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardeſt life ſuſtain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word,
Before him ſtands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from Heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.
"Ungrateful creatures! whence ariſe
Theſe murmurs which offend the ſkies?
Why this diſorder? ſay the cauſe;
For juſt are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his diſcontent reveal;
To yon' four Dog I firſt appeal."
"Hard is my lot, the Hound replies;
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary ſtep and ſlow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning ſees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the ſetting-ſun."

" When (ſays the Greyhound) I pu
My game is loſt, or caught in view;
Beyond my ſight the prey 's ſecure;
The Hound is ſlow, but always ſure;
And, had I his ſagacious ſcent,
Jove ne'er had heard my diſcontent."
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whoſe wings were rapid, ſtrong, and ligh
The Pigeon ſtrength of wing deſpis'd,
And the Cock's matchleſs valour priz'd;
The Fiſhes wiſh'd to graze the plain;
The Beaſts, to ſkim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's ſtate,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The Bird of Heaven then cry'd aloud:
" Jove bids diſperſe the murmuring crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious Mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What! ſilent all, and none conſent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the reſtleſs mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind."

FA

FABLE V.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

AGAINST an elm a ſheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in ſilent fright,
From far beheld the horrid ſight.
A ſavage Boar, who near them ſtood,
Thus mock'd to ſcorn the fleecy brood.
" All cowards ſhould be ſerv'd like you.
See, ſee your murderer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He ſtrips the ſkin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd ſires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmleſs lambs,
Call for revenge. O ſtupid Race!
The heart that wants revenge is baſe."
" I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Inſenſible of every ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill.
Know, thoſe, who violence purſue,
Give to themſelves the vengeance due;
For in theſe maſſacres they find
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind.

Our ſkin ſupplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their ſlumbering ſons to war;
And well Revenge may reſt contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented."

FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes;
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks.
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt;
By conſcience ſtung, he wildly ſtares,
And thus his guilty ſoul declares:
"Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue's ſold. Good Gods! what price
Can recompenſe the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold ſow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's ſword to kill:

'Tis

'Twas gold inſtructed coward-hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!"
He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him ſtood.
The Miſer, trembling, lock'd his cheſt;
The Viſion frown'd, and thus addreſs'd:
"Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant?
Did I, baſe wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault 's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be-cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n Virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And Power (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt;
'Tis avarice, inſolence, and pride,
And every ſhocking vice beſide:
But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the dews of Heaven:
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold ſhall Miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay?
Let bravoes, then, when blood is ſpilt,
Upbraid the paſſive ſoul with guilt."

FABLE VII.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir'd with ſtate-affairs,
Quite ſick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Reſolv'd (remote from noiſe and ſtrife)
In peace to paſs his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was ſet;
Behold the general council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers, bend,
And ſtrive who moſt ſhall condeſcend.
He ſtraight aſſumes a ſolemn grace,
Collects his wiſdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his ſenſe;
Each word hath weight and conſequence.
The flatterer all his art diſplays:
He who hath power is ſure of praiſe.
A Fox ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the ſervile throng addreſt:
"How vaſt his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honeſt ſchool!
What clemency his temper ſways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine ſhall ceaſe to waſte the land.
His brain hath ſtratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.

What bleſſings muſt attend the nation
Under this good adminiſtration!"
He ſaid. A Gooſe, who diſtant ſtood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me ſhun his worthy friend.
What praiſe! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who ſpoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wiſe;
If they enjoy the ſweets, 'tis plain
We Geeſe muſt feel a tyrant-reign.
What havock now ſhall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taſte, and ſeem polite,
Will feed on Geeſe both noon and night!"

FABLE VIII.

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

WHAT whiſpers muſt the Beauty bear!
What hourly nonſenſe haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes diſpenſe their charms,
Impertinence around her ſwarms.
Did not the tender nonſenſe ſtrike,
Contempt and ſcorn might look diſlike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The ſlighteſt ſlap a fly can chace:
But who can drive the numerous breed?
Chace one, another will ſucceed.

Who

Who knows a fool, muſt know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague ſhe 's rightly curſt,
Becauſe ſhe liſten'd to the firſt.
As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sate meditating on her beauty,
She now was penſive, now was gay,
And loll'd the ſultry hours away.
As thus in indolence ſhe lies,
A giddy Waſp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aſpires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulſe he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and ſipt the dew.
She frowns; ſhe frets. "Good Gods! ſhe
Protect me from theſe teazing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heaven hath ſent,
A Waſp is moſt impertinent."
The hovering inſect thus complain'd;
"Am I then ſlighted, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd?
Can ſuch offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold miſtake.
Thoſe cherry-lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek ſo ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with ſtrong deſire purſue
The faireſt peach that ever grew."
"Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Waſps like vulgar flies;

For though he's free (to do him right),
The creature's civil and polite."
In ecſtaſies away he poſts;
Where'er he came, the favour boaſts;
Brags how her ſweeteſt tea he ſips,
And ſhows the ſugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of ſucceſs, away they flew:
They ſhare the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy muſic play:
And now they flutter, now they reſt,
Now ſoar again, and ſkim her breaſt.
Nor were they baniſh'd, till ſhe found
That Waſps have ſtings, and felt the wound

FABLE IX.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care employ;
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and ſcope;
On theſe depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Maſtiff paſs'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire.
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirſt of blood.
Spurning the ground, the monarch ſtood,

And roar'd aloud: "Suſpend the fight;
In a whole ſkin go ſleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice, that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſpring
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings."
The ſurly Maſtiff thus returns:
"Within my boſom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets ſing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's ſpirit-ſtirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed."
"Curs'd Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirſt of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whoſe hands with cruelty are ſtain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Muſt, like thy tutor, blood purſue.
Take, then, thy fate." With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the ſprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

FAB]

FABLE X.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown ſeas to unknown ſoils,
With various wonders feaſts his ſight:
What ſtranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in deſcription view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For, when we riſk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Thoſe things that ſtartle me or you
I grant are ſtrange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For ſcience and for ſenſe renown'd?
Borri records their ſtrength of parts,
Extent of thought, and ſkill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And ſave the ſtate the hangman's fees;
And how by travel underſtand
The language of another land.
Let thoſe, who queſtion this report,
To Pliny's ancient page reſort.
How learn'd was that ſagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read?
As one of theſe, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a ſhop of learning o'er,
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,

A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exacteſt care and paine,
Were every beaſt and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the ſearch of man ſurvey'd;
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit:
The page he with attention ſpread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:
"Man with ſtrong reaſon is endow'd;
A beaſt ſcarce inſtinct is allow'd:
But, let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he diſcern the different natures,
And weigh the power of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath ſhewn
He knows ſo little of his own?
How falſely is the Spaniel drawn!
Did man from him firſt learn to fawn?
A Dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatterer Nature made!
Go, Man! the ways of courts diſcern,
You'll find a Spaniel ſtill might learn.
ow can the Fox's theft and plunder
rovoke his cenſure or his wonder?
om Courtiers' tricks and Lawyers' arts,
e Fox might well improve his parts.
e Lion, Wolf, and Tiger's brood,
curſes, for their thirſt of blood.
is not Man to Man a prey?
ſs kill for hunger, Men for pay."

The Bookſeller, who heard him ſpeak,
And ſaw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus addreſs'd with bow profound:
"Learn'd Sir, if you 'd employ your pen
Againſt the ſenſeleſs ſons of men,
Or write the hiſtory of Siam;
No man is better pay than I am.
Or, ſince you 're learn'd in Greek, let 's ſee
Something againſt the Trinity."
When wrinkling with a ſneer his trunk,
"Friend, quoth the Elephant, you 're drunk:
E'en keep your money, and be wiſe;
Leave man on man to criticiſe:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the ſenſeleſs ſons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy 's a ſharper ſpur than pay.
No author ever ſpar'd a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another."

FABLE XI.

THE PEACOCK, THE TURKEY, AND THE GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conſpicuous grow;
The ſmalleſt ſpeck is ſeen on ſnow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.

He, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
Contemns their baſe reviling ſpirit;
His ſtate and dignity aſſumes,
And to the ſun diſplays his plumes,
Which, like the Heavens' o'er-arching ſkies,
Are ſpangled with a thouſand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled ſight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their ſpleen by turns.
" Mark with what inſolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty ſtride,
The Turkey cries. Can ſpleen contain?
Sure never bird was half ſo vain!
But, were intrinſic merit ſeen,
We Turkeys have the whiter ſkin."
From tongue to tongue they caught abuſe;
And next was heard the hiſſing Gooſe:
" What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I ſcorn to cenſure little flaws.
Then what a horrid ſqualling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."
" True. Thoſe are faults, the Peacock cries;
My ſcream, my ſhanks, you may deſpiſe;
But ſuch blind critics rail in vain.
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your ſcorn and ſport)
The Turkey or the Gooſe ſupport,
And did ye ſcream with harſher ſound,
Thoſe faults in you had ne'er been found:

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemiſh ſtrikes an envious mind.
  Thus in aſſemblies have I ſeen
A nymph of brighteſt charms and mien
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing ſcandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
  Employ'd the leſſer powers of Love,
Some ſhape the bow, or fit the ſtring,
Some give the taper ſhaft its wing,
Or turn the poliſh'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
  Amidſt their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with aſſuming air,
Addreſs'd the God: "Thou purblind chit,
Of aukward and ill-judging wit,
If marches are not better made,
At once I muſt forſwear my trade.
You ſend me ſuch ill coupled folks,
That 'tis a ſhame to ſell them yokes.
They ſquabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The huſband 's ſullen, dogged, ſhy,
The wife grows flippant in reply:
He loves command and due reſtriction;
And ſhe as well likes contradiction:

She never ſlaviſhly ſubmits;
She 'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, ſhe th' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cauſe.
Nothing can ſave him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of courſe."

"When, ſays the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly ſpend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For ſettlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witneſs to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."

Plutus appear'd, and ſaid, "'Tis true,
In marriage, gold is all their view;
They ſeek not beauty, wit, or ſenſe,
And love is ſeldom the pretence.
All offer incenſe at my ſhrine,
And I alone the bargain ſign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only aſk'd a great eſtate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord muſt give her title too:
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune aſks, and aſks no more."

Avarice, whatever ſhape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

THE TAME STAG.

AS a young Stag the thicket paſt,
The branches held his antlers faſt.
A clown, who ſaw the captive hung,
Acroſs the horns his halter flung.
Now ſafely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the preſent to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How ſleek 's the ſkin! how ſpeck'd like an
Sure never creature was ſo charming!
At firſt within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And diſtant awe, preſumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He ſteals my little maſter's bread,
Follows the ſervants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he ſtands,
To feel the praiſe of patting hands;
Examines every fiſt for meat,
And, though repuls'd, diſdains retreat;
Attacks again with level'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, ſcorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When firſt a Redcoat is in ſight;
Behind the door ſhe hides her face,
Next time at diſtance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrors ſtand,
Nor from his ſqueeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every ſoldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent ſhe ſpreads her flame;
For cuſtom conquers fear and ſhame.

FABLE XIV.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes;
For men in diſtant regions roam,
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune ſerves to make us wiſe.
At length the treacherous ſnare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught; to Town convey'd;
There ſold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Male captive in a lady's room!)
Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.

In

In viſits too, his parts and wit,
When jeſts grew dull, were ſure to hit.
Proud with applauſe, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal;
So watch'd occaſion, broke his chain,
And ſought his native woods again.
The hairy ſylvans round him preſs,
Aſtoniſh'd at his ſtrut and dreſs.
Some praiſe his ſleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary froſts, or fleecy ſnow;
But all, with envy and deſire,
His fluttering ſhoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wiſe.
Weigh your own worth; ſupport your place,
The next in rank to human-race.
In cities long I paſs'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dreſs, their courtly manners ſee;
Reform your ſtate, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flattery deal;
Your ſcorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But uſe them for your private ends.

Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents ſhall commend.
I knew the great. Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow, like man, polite.
He ſpoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applauſe.
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep foreſt took his way;
Drawn by the muſic of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the ſweet alternate notes;

But,

But, where he paſt, he terror threw,
The ſong broke ſhort, the warblers flew;
The thruſhes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his ſight;
All animals before him ran,
To ſhun the hateful ſight of man.
Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature!
As thus he walk'd in muſing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious ſtep he nearer drew,
By the thick ſhade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a pheaſant ſtood,
Around her all her liſtening brood;
Proud of the bleſſings of her neſt,
She thus a mother's care expreſs'd.
"No dangers here ſhall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture truſt
Than man, of animals the worſt.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The ſheep, whoſe annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and ſerve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel ſhambles ſlain.
The ſwarms who, with induſtrious ſkill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole ſummer-days employ'd,
Their ſtores are ſold, the race deſtroy'd.

What tribute from the goose is paid?
Does not her wing all ſcience aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raiſe the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general uſe?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, deteſt his ways,
So ſafety ſhall prolong your days.
When ſervices are thus acquitted,
Be ſure we Pheaſants muſt be ſpitted."

FABLE XVI.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN who long had ſerv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her ſleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a ſmarter air,
Now neareſt to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail diſgrac'd:
But could ſhe partial Fortune blame,
Who ſaw her lovers ſerv'd the ſame?
At length from all her honours caſt,
Through various turns of life ſhe paſt;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miſer's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She viſits in the doctor's coach:

Here,

Here, there, by various fortune toſt,
At laſt in Greſham-hall was loſt.
Charm'd with the wonders of the ſhow,
On every ſide, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What leaſt was underſtood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing ſo ſtruck her mind,
Her head 's of virtuoſo kind.
" And pray what 's this, and this, dear Sir?
" A Needle," ſays th' interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Addreſs'd her as a tailor's tool.
" A Needle with that filthy ſtone,
Quite idle, all with ruſt o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the ſempſtreſs in her arts;
But tell me how the friendſhip grew
Between that paltry flint and you."
" Friend, ſays the Needle, ceaſe to blame
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'ſt thou the loadſtone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake:
Who then can ſuch a friend forſake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To ſhun the rocks and treacherous ſand:
By me the diſtant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread;

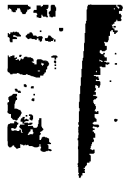
And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more conſequence than you."

FABLE XVII.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood ſecure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the ſhepherd's wakeful care
Had ſpread the toils, and watch'd the ſnare;
In vain the Dog purſued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.
As Lightfoot rang'd the foreſt round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
Let us a while the war ſuſpend,
And reaſon as from friend to friend.
"A truce?" replies the Wolf. "'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.
"How can that ſtrong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceleſs kind?
Thoſe jaws ſhould prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great ſouls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmleſs is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy ſpare."
"Friend, ſays the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature deſign'd us beaſts of prey;

As



ſanctful of th
Thy boſom burn
Hence, and thy ty
To him repeat the
A Wolf eats ſhee
Ten thouſands are
An open foe may
But a pretended fri

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AND E

LEST men ſuſpe
Keep probability
The traveller leaping
The credit of his book
Who with his tongue
Makes ev'n his real cou
But flattery never ſeems
The

He hit complexion, feature, air;
So juſt, the life itſelf was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom reſtor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muſcle all its ſtrength;
The mouth, the chin, the noſe's length;
His honeſt pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He loſt his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth ſhould not always be reveal'd:
In duſty piles his pictures lay,
For no one ſent the ſecond pay.
Two buſtos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; reſolv'd to pleaſe,
Whoever ſat he drew from theſe,
From theſe corrected every feature,
And ſpirited each aukward creature.
All things were ſet; the hour was come,
His palette ready o'er his thumb.
My Lord appear'd; and, ſeated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he ſketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Thoſe eyes, my Lord, the ſpirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with ſenſe and wit,
You 'll grant, are very hard to hit;

"Why ſo ſevere? the Cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe."
"How weak is pride! returns the ſire:
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what ſtupid aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe."

FABLE XX.

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

RESTRAIN your child; you 'll ſoon b
The text which ſays we ſprung from E
As an old Hen led forth her train,
And ſeem'd to peck to ſhow the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, ſhe ſcratch'd the ground
And glean'd the ſpacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin ſprings,
And prone ſhe drops. The mother's breaſt
All day with ſorrow was poſſeſt.
A Cock ſhe met; her ſon ſhe knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
"My Son, ſays ſhe, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I ſee you vigorous, ſtrong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon' well; that fatal place
Is ſure perdition to our race.

Print this my counſel on thy breaſt;
To the juſt gods I leave the reſt."
He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His boſom burn'd to diſobey,
And every time the well he ſaw,
Scorn'd in his heart the fooliſh law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.
"Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears deſpiſe.
Or did ſhe doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harveſt ſtore the place
A treaſure for her younger race?
And would ſhe thus my ſearch prevent?
I ſtand reſolv'd, and dare th' event."
Thus ſaid, he mounts the margin's rou
And pries into the depth profound.
He ſtretch'd his neck; and from below
With ſtretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat anſwer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But, when the watery death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:
"I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my Mother's prohibition."

FABLE XXI.

THE RAT-CATCHER AND CATS.

THE rats by night ſuch miſchief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
They undermin'd whole ſides of bacon,
Her cheeſe was ſapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her paſties, fenc'd with thickeſt paſte,
Were all demoliſh'd and laid waſte:
She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
Who left her foes a conſtant booty.
An engineer, of noted ſkill,
Engag'd to ſtop the growing ill.
From room to room he now ſurveys
Their haunts, their works, their ſecret ways;
Finds where they 'ſcape an ambuſcade,
And whence the nightly ſally 's made.
An envious Cat from place to place,
Unſeen, attends his ſilent pace:
She ſaw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race muſt be undone;
So ſecretly removes his baits,
And every ſtratagem defeats.
Again he ſets the poiſon'd toils;
And Puſs again the labour foils.
"What foe (to fruſtrate my deſigns)
My ſchemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd, he cries, this very hour
The wretch ſhall bleed beneath my power."

So ſaid, a ponderous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puſs was caught.
"Smuggler, ſays he, thou ſhalt be mad
A victim to our loſs of trade."
The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom ſues.
"A ſiſter of the ſcience ſpare;
One intereſt is our common care."
"What inſolence! the Man reply'd;
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguiſh'd, or expell'd the land,
We Rat-catchers might raiſe our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheeſe!"
A Cat, who ſaw the lifted knife,
Thus ſpoke, and ſav'd her ſiſter's life.
"In every age and clime, we ſee,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching
'Squire ſtigmatizes 'ſquire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And ſcandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings, too, their neighbour-kings dethron
In hope to make the world their own:
But let us limit our deſires,
Not war like beauties, kings, and 'ſquires
For, though we both one prey purſue,
There 's game enough for us and you."

FABLE XXII.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'TIS certain that the modiſh paſſions
Deſcend among the crowd like faſhions.
Excuſe me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, aſſes, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I ſay that theſe are proud: what then?
I never ſaid they equal men.
A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected ſingularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention ſtood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowzy beard, he cries,
My youth is loſt in this diſguiſe.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this reverend figure."
Reſolv'd to ſmooth his ſhaggy face,
He ſought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, ſpruce and ſmart,
Hard-by, profeſs'd the dapper art;
His pole with pewter-baſons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order ſtrung,

Rang'd cups, that in the window ſtood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood;
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who ſhav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And ſeats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, noſe, and cheek, the lather hides;
Light, ſmooth, and ſwift, the razor glides.
"I hope your cuſtom, Sir, ſays Pug.
Sure never face was half ſo ſmug!"
The Goat, impatient for applauſe,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws.
The ſhaggy people grinn'd, and ſtar'd.
"Heigh-day! what's here? without a beard!
Say, Brother, whence the dire diſgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
When thus the fop, with ſmiles of ſcorn,
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muſcovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village ſtray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Inſulted with loud ſhouts of ſcorn,
By boys our beards diſgrac'd and torn?"
"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reaſon well,"
Replies a bearded chief. "Beſide,
If boys can mortify thy pride,

How

How wilt thou ſtand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!"
  Coxcombs, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
To all but coxcombs are a jeſt.

FABLE XXIII.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

WHO friendſhip with a knave hath made,
  Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron, who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And, if a modeſt girl is ſeen
With one who cures a lover's ſpleen,
We gueſs her not extremely nice,
And only wiſh to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
  A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beſide a little ſmoaky flame
Sate hovering, pinch'd with age and froſt;
Her ſhrivel'd hands, with veins emboſs'd,
Upon her knees her weight ſuſtains,
While palſy ſhook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd ſcold of fourſcore years.
About her ſwarm'd a numerous brood
Of Cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd.

Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus ſhe ſputter'd. "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, ſuch fiends, a helliſh train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noiſe;
Straws laid acroſs my pace retard,
The horſeſhoe's nail'd (each threſhold's guard)
The ſtunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I ſhould up and ride;
They ſtick with pins my bleeding ſeat,
And bid me ſhow my ſecret teat."
"To hear you prate, would vex a ſaint;
Who hath moſt reaſon of complaint?"
Replies a Cat. "Let 's come to proof.
Had we ne'er ſtarv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beaſts of chace.
'Tis infamy to ſerve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys againſt our lives combine,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid your Cats have nine."

FABLE XXIV.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

ALL upſtarts, inſolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the ſunſhine of the morn
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sate proudly perking on a roſe,
With pert conceit his boſom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he diſplays; the ſpangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his houſe, with ſlimy trail,
Crawls o'er the graſs; whom when he ſpies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon' peaſant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the ſoil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimſon hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feaſt his taſte deſign'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Cruſh then the ſlow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from diſgrace."

"What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;
How inſolent is upſtart pride!
Hadſt thou not thus, with inſult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the ſcum of earth:
For ſcarce nine ſuns have wak'd the hours,
To ſwell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life ſurvey'd,
In baſe, in ſordid guiſe array'd;
A hideous inſect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a ſlow and noiſome train;
And from your ſpider-bowels drew
Foul film, and ſpun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail ſhall end.
And what 's a Butterfly? at beſt
He 's but a caterpillar dreſt;
And all thy race (a numerous ſeed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

FABLE XXV.

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

THE huſband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in ſlander, lives in ſtrife.
Art thou the herald of diſgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which ſpares nor friend, nor ſex, nor age?

That

That vixen tongue of your's, my Dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like Fame it gathers strength by going."
"Heigh-day!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is Nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, huffy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
All join their forces to confound her,
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outscream'd her rage.
"A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.

She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you ſtretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One ſlander muſt ten thouſand get;
The world with intereſt pays the debt.

FABLE XXVI.

THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the maſter's ſpy,
Rewarded for his daily lye,
With ſecret jealouſies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puſs to-day was in diſgrace,
Another Cat ſupply'd her place;
The Hound was beat, the Maſtiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his deareſt friend grew ſhy,
And none could tell the reaſon why.
A plan to rob the houſe was laid:
The thief with love ſeduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and ſtroak'd his head,
And bought his ſecrecy with bread;
He next the Maſtiff's honour try'd,
Whoſe honeſt jaws the bribe defy'd;
He ſtretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The ſurly Dog his fingers tore.

Swift

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The Maſter took his information.
"Hang him, the villain's curs'd," he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble ſuit preferr'd,
And begg'd in juſtice to be heard.
The Maſter ſate. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting ſtand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a Lawyer, aggravates.
"Judge not unheard, the Maſtiff cry'd,
But weigh the cauſe of either ſide.
Think not that treachery can be juſt;
Take not informers' words on truſt;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me by turns betray."
He ſpoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Maſtiff clear'd.

FABLE XXVII.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"IS there no hope?" the ſick man ſaid.
The ſilent Doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gaſping breath;
"I feel the chilling wound of Death.

Since

Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion;
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.
The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need;
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply ſhown."
An Angel came. "Ah! Friend! he cry'd.
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action 's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere:

This

This inſtant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why ſuch haſte, the ſick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven deſigns?
Perhaps I may recover ſtill.
That ſum and more are in my will."
"Fool, ſays the Viſion, now 'tis plain
Your life, your ſoul, your Heaven, was gain.
From every ſide, with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there 's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſuch haſte?" ſo groan'd, and dy'd.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whoſe every thought the God inſpires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, ſhe rails, ſhe raves, ſhe pines;
Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The ſervile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curll's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus ſhadow owes its birth to light.

As,

As, proſtrate to the God of Day,
With heart devout, a Perſian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
" Parent of Light! all-ſeeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praiſe, our daily prayer;
Smile on our fields, and bleſs the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud.
" Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows nor incenſe know?
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow."
With fervent zeal the Perſian mov'd,
Thus the proud Calumny reprov'd.
" It was that God who claims my prayer
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown:
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind,
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd."
The gale aroſe; the vapour toſt
(The ſport of winds) in air was loſt;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

FABLE XXIX.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick, and faint, expiring lay:
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him ſtand,
To learn their dying ſire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.
"Ah! Sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, ſee, the murder'd Geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding Turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken ſlain?"
The hungry Foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd.
"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor Turkey, Gooſe, nor Hen, is here.
Theſe are the phantoms of your brain;
And your ſons lick their lips in vain."
"O Gluttons! ſays the drooping Sire,
Reſtrain inordinate deſire.
Your liquoriſh taſte you ſhall deplore,
When peace of conſcience is no more.

Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns deſtroy our race?
Thieves dread the ſearching eye of power;
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us ſhall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happineſs attain,
Let honeſty your paſſions rein;
So live in credit and eſteem,
And the good name you loſt redeem."
"The counſel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you adviſe.
Think what our anceſtors have done;
A line of thieves from ſon to ſon.
To us deſcends the long diſgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmleſs ſheep, ſhould feed,
Honeſt in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-rooſt is decreas'd,
We ſhall be thought to ſhare the feaſt.
The change ſhall never be believ'd.
A loſt good name is ne'er retriev'd."
"Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks)
Go; but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

FABLE

FABLE XXX.

THE SETTING-DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the ſtubble tries,
And ſearches every breeze that flies;
The ſcent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in ſilence, far behind,
Conſcious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wiſe,
The fraudful preparation ſpies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey ſprings, and ſeeks the wood;
But, ere her certain wing ſhe tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
"Thou fawning ſlave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, ſneaking cheat,
Of thy whole ſpecies thou diſgrace;
Dogs ſhould diſown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honeſt open hearts;
And, ere they ſerv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."
When thus the Dog, with ſcornful ſmile:
"Secure of wing, thou dar'ſt revile.
Clowns are to poliſh'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the ruſtic mind!

My worth ſagacious courtiers ſee,
And to preferment riſe, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty ſets,
Hath oft' enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend ſets his friend, without regard,
And miniſters his ſkill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways;
And growing favour feaſts my days."

"I might have gueſs'd, the Partridge ſaid,
The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their maſter's vice.
You came from court, you ſay. Adieu!"
She ſaid, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every paſſion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Diſeaſe his tainted blood aſſails;
His ſpirits droop, his vigour fails:
With ſecret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he penſive ſits,
And raves, and prays, and ſwears, by fits,
A ghaſtly Phantom, lean and wan,
Before him roſe, and thus began:

"My

"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a chearful hour,
When health is loſt. Be timely wiſe:
With health all taſte of pleaſure flies."
Thus ſaid, the Phantom diſappears.
The wary counſel wak'd his fears.
He now from all exceſs abſtains,
With phyſic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a ſober life,
Reſolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the Sprite aſcends,
Where'er he walks, his ear attends,
Inſinuates that beauty 's frail,
That perſeverance muſt prevail;
With jealouſies his brain inflames,
And whiſpers all her lovers' names.
In other hours ſhe repreſents
His houſehold charge, his annual rents,
Increaſing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger ſons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirſt of lucre burns.
But, when poſſeſs'd of Fortune's ſtore,
The ſpectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and miſery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infeſts his dream, or wakes his nights.

How ſhall he chace this hideous gueſt?
Power may perhaps protect his reſt.
To Power he roſe. Again the Sprite
Beſets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tottering ſeat,
How Envy perſecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what diſgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And ſeeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his ſteps purſues,
Warns him of blaſts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering inſects, ſnails, and rains,
And droughts that ſtarv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;
In vain we ſeek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghoſt addreſt:
"Since thou muſt be my conſtant gueſt,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, ſhould go before."

FABLE XXXII.

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

TWO formal Owls together ſat,
Conferring thus in ſolemn chat.
"How is the modern taſte decay'd!
Where 's the reſpect to wiſdom paid?

Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our sires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."
"Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes.
Right. Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we 're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow 's more respected."
A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride;
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
"Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why:
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never looks esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd:

Humble your arrogance of thought,
Purſue the ways by Nature taught:
So ſhall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praiſe your care;
So ſhall ſleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

FABLE XXXIII.

THE COURTIER AND PROTEUS.

WHENE'ER a Courtier's out of place,
The country ſhelters his diſgrace;
Where, doom'd to exerciſe and health,
His houſe and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new ſchemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's ſon, would fain be doing,
And ſighs for other realms to ruin.
As one of theſe (without his wand)
Penſive along the winding ſtrand
Employ'd the ſolitary hour,
In projects to regain his power,
The waves in ſpreading circles ran,
Proteus aroſe, and thus began.
"Came you from court? for in your mien
A ſelf-important air is ſeen."
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

"Know,

"Know, ſays the God, by matchleſs ſkill
I change to every ſhape at will;
But yet, I 'm told, at court you ſee
Thoſe who preſume to rival me."
Thus ſaid: a Snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his ſcaly mail.
"Know, ſays the Man, though proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Baſk in the ſun, and fly the ſtorm;
With malice hiſs, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got luſtre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."
Sudden the God a Lion ſtands;
He ſhakes his mane, he ſpurns the ſands.
Now a fierce Lynx, with fiery glare;
A Wolf, an Aſs, a Fox, a Bear.
"Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might ſurprize;
But there, in queſt of daily game,
Each able Courtier acts the ſame;
Wolves, Lions, Lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the Bear's and Fox's part,
Now rob by force, now ſteal with art.
They ſometimes in the ſenate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beaſts of prey,
Down from the Lion to the Ape,
Practiſe the frauds of every ſhape."

So faid : upon the god he flies,
In cords the ſtruggling captive ties.
" Now, Proteus ! now (to truth return'd)
Speak, and confeſs thy art excell'd.
Uſe ſtrength, ſurprize, or what you will,
The Courtier finds evaſions ſtill;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lyes."

FABLE XXXIV.

THE MASTIFFS.

THOSE who in quarrels interpoſe
Muſt often wipe a bloody noſe.
A Maſtiff, of true Engliſh blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food,
When dogs were ſnarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpoſe obtain'd his end.
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The ſcars of honour ſeam'd his face;
In every limb a gaſh appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noiſy war,
Away he ſcours, and lays about him,
Reſolv'd no fray ſhould be without him

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:
"A cudgel ſhall correct your manners:
Whence ſprung this curſed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your ſpite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."
To ſee the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher, vex'd,
Hoarſe-ſcreaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd Maſtiff cries aloud:
"Both Hockleyhole and Marybone
The combats of my dog have known:
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, raſh fool, to ſhare his fame;
Be his the honour, or the ſhame."
Thus ſaid, they ſwore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their faſten'd dogs aſunder;
While clubs and kicks from every ſide
Rebounded from the Maſtiff's hide.
All reeking now with ſweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors ſtood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and ſprawl'd below.
He roſe; and, limping from the fray,
By both ſides mangled, ſneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

HOW many ſaucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-ſtreet!
Proud rogues, who ſhar'd the South-ſea prey,
And ſprung like muſhrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condeſcend
To know a brother or a friend;
They bluſh to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expoſe their ſhame.
As croſs his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He ſtopp'd; and, leaning on his fork,
Obſerv'd the flail's inceſſant work.
In thought he meaſur'd all his ſtore,
His geeſe, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces ſhorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow, which ſtood beſide,
Thus to its muſing maſter cry'd:
"Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and ſlight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raiſe your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus inſulted, thus diſgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?

Are

Are thoſe poor ſweepings of a groom,
That filthy ſight, that nauſeous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence;
A thing ſo mean muſt give offence."
The humble Dunghill thus reply'd:
"Thy maſter hears, and mocks thy pride:
Inſult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm aſſiſtance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadſt periſh'd low in earth;
But up-ſtarts, to ſupport their ſtation,
Cancel at once all obligation."

FABLE XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAGORAS roſe at early dawn,
By ſoaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way.
In muſing contemplation warm,
His ſteps miſled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmoſt round
A peaſant ſtood; the hammer's ſound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honeſt labour there?"
The Clown, with ſurly voice replies,
"Vengeance aloud for juſtice cries.

This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd:
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuse fat the breed."

"Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies:
But, if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!"

"Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."

"Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain,
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For "Petty rogues submit to Fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their state *."

* Garth's Dispensary.

FABLE

FABLE XXXVII.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

WHY are thoſe tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other huſband dead?
Or does a worſe diſgrace betide?
Hath no one ſince his death apply'd?
Alas! you know the cauſe too well;
The ſalt is ſpilt, to me it fell;
Then, to contribute to my loſs,
My knife and fork were laid acroſs;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were ſafe at home in bed!
Laſt night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next poſt ſome fatal news ſhall tell:
God ſend my Corniſh friends be well!
Unhappy Widow, ceaſe thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy ſtomach be ſuſpended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner 's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy deſert I 'll read my Fable.
Betwixt her ſwagging pannier's load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, ſtarting from her ſilver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her ſcream.

"That

"That Raven on yon' left-hand oak
(Curſe on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good." No more ſhe ſaid,
When poor blind Ball, with ſtumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her maſh'd eggs beſtrow'd the way.
She, ſprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, ſwore, and curs'd. "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreſon throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."
"Dame, quoth the Raven, ſpare your oaths,
Unclench your fiſt, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me thoſe curſes thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old ſure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good Woman, ſav'd your eggs."

FABLE XXXVIII.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

IN other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find;
To our own ſtronger errors blind.

A Tur-

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and ſought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my Birds! the Mother cries,
This hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold the buſy negroe race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envy'd, were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days.
Sometimes with oyſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſavoury chine;
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſeven deadly ſins the worſt."
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighbouring beech:
"Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill."

FABLE XXXIX.

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing;
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view;
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
"Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my firſt hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aſpire,
Till he the ſtep of power aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a Father 's bleſs'd."
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,

Heaps

Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the God: "By outward ſhow
Men judge of happineſs and woe.
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that poſſeſt,
To Providence reſign the reſt."

FABLE XL.

THE TWO MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward ſhow deride;

The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the ſcience:
The Don, a formal ſolemn ſtrutter,
Deſpiſes Monſieur's airs and flutter;
While Monſieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and ſpeaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiſer than the reſt,
Laughs at them both, of both the jeſt.
Is not the Poet's chiming cloſe
Cenſur'd by all the ſons of Proſe?
While bards of quick imagination
Deſpiſe the ſleepy proſe narration.
Men laugh at apes: they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?
Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair;
No critics had a ſourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the ſhow,
And got by chance the foremoſt row.
To ſee their grave obſerving face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.
"Brother, ſays Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble 's monſtrouſly ill-bred."
Now through the booth loud hiſſes ran,
Nor ended till the ſhow began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With ſomerſets he ſhakes the ground;

The

The cord beneath the dancer ſprings;
Aloft in air the vaulter ſwings;
Diſtorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twiſted arms aſcends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the ſight.
With ſmiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like theſe
The giant-apes of reaſon pleaſe,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They muſt adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I 've ſeen you cling,
Play, twiſt, and turn in airy ring:
How can thoſe clumſy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applauſe, we find
Theſe emulators of our kind
Diſcern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
"Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wiſe:
While good example they purſue,
We muſt allow ſome praiſe is due;
But, when they ſtrain beyond their guide,
I laugh to ſcorn the mimic pride;
For how fantaſtic is the ſight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Becauſe we ſometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

FABLE XLI.

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was ſeldom ſeen,
Within a barn had choſe his ſtation,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he ſits,
And nods, and ſeems to think by fits.
So have I ſeen a man of news
Or Poſt-boy or Gazette peruſe,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on ſheaves hid all the floor:
At dawn of morn to view his ſtore
The Farmer came. The hooting gueſt
His ſelf-importance thus expreſt:
"Reaſon in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how ſhallow, is his ſenſe!
To treat with ſcorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly or his ſpite.
Then, too, how partial is his praiſe!
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wiſdom ſtamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to viſit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compoſe my train!

Like

Like ſlaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of ſuperior kind."
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'ſt thou with that harſh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling ſong?
Indulge thy ſpleen: know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Beſides, proud Blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'ſt thy ſlaves and train:
Few follow Wiſdom or her rules;
Fools in deriſion follow fools."

FABLE XLII.

THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the Town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You 'd think (ſo far his art tranſcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, ſhe read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior ſkill,
She ſought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.
"Is this then he ſo fam'd for ſleight?
Can this ſlow bungler cheat your ſight?
Dares he with me diſpute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."
Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, "'Tis done;
In ſcience I ſubmit to none."

Thus ſaid, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He ſhakes his bag, he ſhews all fair;
His fingers ſpread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with ſhowers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But, when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd ſpectators hum applauſe.
Vice now ſtept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
"This magic looking-glaſs, ſhe cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the ſight deſir'd,
And every man himſelf admir'd.
Next, to a ſenator addreſſing,
"See this bank-note; obſerve the bleſſing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, paſs! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock ſhown.
A ſecond puff the magic broke;
The padlock vaniſh'd, and he ſpoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor ſtor'd,
By clean conveyance diſappear,
And now two bloody ſwords are there.
A purſe ſhe to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.

He

He opes his fiſt, the treaſure 's fled;
He ſees a halter in its ſtead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand;
He graſps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity ſhe ſhows.
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vaniſh'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table ſmokes a treat.
She ſhakes the dice, the board ſhe knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addreſt.
"This picture ſee; her ſhape, her breaſt!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With ſurprize,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miſer's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the ſum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you ſee
Take every ſhape but Charity;
And not one thing you ſaw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was firſt in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this ſubmiſſion own'd her art.
"Can I ſuch matchleſs ſleight withſtand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE XLIII.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing ſteed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And ſpread diſſenſion through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the ſtate
The Council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whoſe eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with ſtrength and youthful fire,
In haſte ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the liſtening throng addreſt.
"Good Gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to ſlavery and diſgrace!
Shall we our ſervitude retain,
Becauſe our ſires have borne the chain?
Conſider, Friends! your ſtrength and might;
'Tis conqueſt to aſſert your right:
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we deſign'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-ſhare through the ſoil,
To ſweat in harneſs through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws ſubmit
To foam and champ the galling bit?

Shall

Shall haughty man my back beſtride?
Shall the ſharp ſpur provoke my ſide?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
Your ſhame, your infamy, diſdain.
Let him the lion firſt control,
And ſtill the tiger's famiſh'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cauſe,
And all the circle neigh'd applauſe.
When, lo! with grave and ſolemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wiſe;
Around he caſt his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus ſpoke the Neſtor of the plain.
" When I had health and ſtrength, like you,
The toils of ſervitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all theſe wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increaſe;
My latter life is reſt and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thouſand ſtructures riſe,
To fence us from inclement ſkies!
For us he bears the ſultry day,
And ſtores up all our winter's hay.

He ſows, he reaps the harveſt's gain;
We ſhare the toil, and ſhare the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appeaſe your diſcontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven aſſign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt ſubmitted,
And, like his anceſtors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

IMPERTINENCE at firſt is borne
With heedleſs ſlight, or ſmiles of ſcorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noiſy fool who perſeveres?
The morning wakes, the Huntſman ſounds,
At once ruſh forth the joyful Hounds;
They ſeek the wood with eager pace,
Through buſh, through brier, explore the chace:
Now ſcatter'd wide they try the plain,
And ſnuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what induſtry, what pains!
What univerſal ſilence reigns!
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once diſplays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardleſs of the note,
Purſue the ſcent; with louder ſtrain
He ſtill perſiſts to vex the train.

The

The Huntſman to the clamour flies,
The ſmacking laſh he ſmartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus expreſs'd his moan:
"I know the muſic of my tongue
Long ſince the pack with envy ſtung.
What will not ſpite? Theſe bitter ſmarts
I owe to my ſuperior parts."
"When Puppies prate, the Huntſman cry'd,
They ſhew both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our ſcorn, not envy, raiſe;
For envy is a kind of praiſe.
Had not thy forward noiſy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'ſt have mingled with the reſt,
And ne'er thy fooliſh noſe confeſt;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are ſure to make their follies known."

FABLE XLV.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raiſe their own.
Thus ſcribblers, covetous of praiſe,
Think ſlander can tranſplant the bays.

Beauties

Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praiſes Leſbia's eyes and feature,
Muſt call her ſiſter aukward creature;
For the kind flattery 's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other nymph diſarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet ſought the ſweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,
And every ſtalk with odour bends;
A Roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus ſinging, as the Muſe inſpir'd:
"Go, Roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace;
"How happy ſhall I prove,
"Might I ſupply that envy'd place
"With never-fading love!
"There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
"Know, hapleſs Flower! that thou ſhalt fi
"More fragrant Roſes there;
"I ſee thy withering head reclin'd
"With envy and deſpair!
"One common fate we both muſt prove;
"You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your compariſons, reply'd
An angry Roſe, who grew beſide.
Of all mankind you ſhould not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In every love-ſong Roſes bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:

Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praiſe on our abuſe?
Muſt we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

FABLE XLVI.

THE CUR, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad of all-ſufficient merit
With modeſty ne'er damps his ſpirit;
Preſuming on his own deſerts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noiſy jokes at random throws,
And pertly ſpatters friends and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own diſgrace:
Too late the forward youth ſhall find
That jokes are ſometimes paid in kind;
Or, if they canker in the breaſt,
He makes a foe who makes a jeſt.
A village Cur, of ſnappiſh race,
The perteſt puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was bleſt with Muſic's ſweeteſt note;
In the mid road he baſking lay,
The yelping nuiſance of the way;
For not a creature paſs'd along,
But had a ſample of his ſong.

Soon

Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,
He leaps, he cocks his dapper ears;
Aware he ſcowers, aſſaults his hoof;
Now near him ſnarls, now barks aloof;
With ſhrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceaſing tongue,
Upon the paſſing traveller ſprung.
The Horſe, from ſcorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace purſued his way.
A Shepherd's Dog, who ſaw the deed,
Deteſting the vexatious breed,
Beſpoke him thus: "When coxcombs pra
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teazing tongue had judgement ty'd,
Thou hadſt not like a puppy dy'd."

FABLE XLVII.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, on a ſolemn night of ſtate,
In all his pomp of terror ſate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diſeaſes dire, a ghaſtly train!

Crowd the vaſt court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our miniſter we name,
Let every ſervant ſpeak his claim;
Merit ſhall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, ſtretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat poſſeſt,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addreſt.
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let thoſe expreſs my fervent zeal;
On every ſlight occaſion near,
With violence I perſevere."
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he ſhifts from place to place;
From head to foot how ſwift he flies,
And every joint and ſinew plies;
Still working when he ſeems ſuppreſt,
A moſt tenacious ſtubborn gueſt.
A haggard ſpectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus aſſerts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the ſweeteſt joy,
And in the ſhape of Love deſtroy:
My ſhanks, ſunk eyes, and noſeleſs face,
Prove my pretenſion to the place."
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And, next, Conſumption's meagre corſe,
With feeble voice, that ſcarce was heard,
Broke with ſhort coughs, his ſuit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;

Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, ſecure, though ſlow."
Plague repreſents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All ſpoke their claim, and hop'd the wa
Now expectation huſh'd the band;
When thus the Monarch from the throne:
"Merit was ever modeſt known.
What, no Phyſician ſpeak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the reſt,
(Whom wary men, as foes, deteſt)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is eſteem'd a friend;
He ſhares their mirth, their ſocial joys,
And as a courted gueſt deſtroys.
The charge on him muſt juſtly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

FABLE XLVIII.

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A GARDENER, of peculiar taſte,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.

He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his maſter's chamber ſnor'd,
Who fondly ſtroak'd him every day,
And taught him all the Puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleaſure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Maſter thus addreſs'd the Swine:
"My houſe, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feaſt whene'er you pleaſe,
And riot in my beans and peaſe;
If the potatoe's taſte delights,
Or the red carrot's ſweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours;
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vaſt expence thoſe beds ſupply'd!"
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the veſſels foam'd:
He munches now the ſteaming grains,
Now with full ſwill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes ariſe;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then ſtaggering through the garden ſcours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving ſnout he turns the ſoil,
And cools his palate with the ſpoil.
The Maſter came, the ruin ſpy'd;
"Villain! ſuſpend thy rage, he cry'd.

Haſt thou, thou moſt ungrateful ſot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" No more he ſaid,
But gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with ſtuttering ſpeech returns:
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips ſtrown,
For I devour'd the roots alone."
At this the Gardener's paſſion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The ſtubborn brute the blows ſuſtains,
Aſſaults his leg, and tears the veins.
"Ah! fooliſh Swain! too late you find
That ſtyes were for ſuch friends deſign'd!"
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on paſt diſgrace:
"Who cheriſhes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly ſoon or late."

FABLE XLIX.

THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!
Does not the Hawk all fowls ſurvey,
As deſtin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for ſlaves to kings?

When

FABLES. PART I.

When the Crab views the pearly ſtrands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden ſands,
Or crawls beſide the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above,
" Nature is too profuſe, ſays he,
Who gave all theſe to pleaſure me!"
When bordering pinks and roſes bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when bluſhes riſe;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend;
The Snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, " All theſe were made for me!"
" What dignity 's in human nature!"
Says Man, the moſt conceited creature,
As from a cliff he caſt his eye,
And view'd the ſea and arched ſky.
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the ſtarry train
Hung the vaſt vault of Heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:
" When I behold this glorious ſhow,
And the wide watery world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year;
And know all theſe by Heaven deſign'd
As gifts to pleaſure human-kind;

I cannot raiſe my worth too high;
Of what vaſt conſequence am I!"
"Not of th' importance you ſuppoſe,
Replies a Flea upon his noſe.
Be humble, learn thyſelf to ſcan;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that ſwells thy mind.
What! heaven and earth for thee deſign'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed."

FABLE L.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth ſhe went at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.

She

She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.
What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the Horſe appear'd in view!
"Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendſhip every burden 's light."
The Horſe reply'd, "Poor honeſt Puſs,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the ſtately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
"Since every beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite Cow
Expects me near yon' barley-mow;
And, when a lady 's in the caſe,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might ſeem unkind;
But ſee, the Goat is juſt behind."
The Goat remark'd "her pulſe was high
Her languid head, her heavy eye:

My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
"His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd;
Said, he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears;
For hounds eat ſheep as well as hares."
She now the trotting Calf addreſs'd,
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd.
"Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by;
How ſtrong are thoſe! how weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence.
Excuſe me, then; you know my heart;
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu;
For ſee the hounds are juſt in view."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

FAI

FABLES.

PART THE SECOND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These Fables were finiſhed by Mr. GAY, and
for the preſs a ſhort time before his death; w
were left, with his other papers, to the ca
noble friend and patron the Duke of Quee
His Grace has accordingly permitted them
preſs; and they are here printed from the ori
the Author's own hand-writing. We hope t
pleaſe equally with his former Fables, thoug
on ſubjects of a graver and more political tur
will certainly ſhew him to have been (
eſteemed the beſt character) a man of a trul
heart, and a ſincere lover of his country.

FABLE I.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

To a Lawyer.

I KNOW you Lawyers can, with eaſe,
Twiſt words and meanings as you pleaſ
That language, by your ſkill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;

That 'tis the fee directs the ſenſe,
To make out either ſide's pretence.
When you peruſe the cleareſt caſe,
You ſee it with a double face:
For ſcepticiſm 's your profeſſion;
You hold there 's doubt in all expreſſion.
Hence is the bar with fees ſupply'd;
Hence eloquence takes either ſide.
Your hand would have but paltry gleaning,
Could every man expreſs his meaning.
Who dares preſume to pen a deed,
Unleſs you previouſly are fee'd?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the coſt,
In dull prolixity engroſt.
And now we 're well ſecur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
Read o'er a will. Was 't ever known
But you could make the will your own?
For, when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *ſe defendendo*,
I bar fallacious *inuendo*.
Sagacious Porta's ſkill could trace
Some beaſt or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the noſe's ſhape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
When, in the ſketches thus deſign'd,
Reſemblance brings ſome friend to mind,
You ſhow the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;

So monſtrous-like the portrait 's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is 't I or you then fix the ſatire?
So, Sir, I beg you, ſpare your pains
In making comments on my ſtrains.
All private ſlander I deteſt,
I judge not of my neighbour's breaſt:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the ſtate.
Shall not my Fable cenſure vice,
Becauſe a knave is over-nice?
And, leſt the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I laſh vice in general fiction,
Is 't I apply, or ſelf-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the ſame?
I no man call or ape or aſs;
'Tis his own conſcience holds the glaſs.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable, knows his right.
A ſhepherd's Dog, unſkill'd in ſports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all ſorts;
Among the reſt a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendſhip grew.
Says Reynard, "'Tis a cruel caſe,
That man ſhould ſtigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;

And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honeſt men and true.
Thus ſlander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all diſguiſe;
My honour as my life I prize."
By talk like this, from all miſtruſt
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him juſt.
As on a time the Fox held forth
On conſcience, honeſty, and worth,
Sudden he ſtopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his bruſhy tail with fear.
"Bleſs us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road!"
"Hold, ſays the Dog, we 're ſafe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a falſe alarm.
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis ſo (I know her pyebald mare),
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This ſneer
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I ſee.
Pray, what 's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner!
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."
"Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm;
Then why ſo captious? why ſo warm?

My

My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."
At this, gall'd Reynard winc'd, and ſwore
Such language ne'er was given before.
"What 's lamb to me? this ſaucy hint
Shows me, baſe Knave, which way you ſquint.
If th' other night your maſter loſt
Three lambs, am I to pay the coſt?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I 'm the thief. You Dog, you lye."
"Thou knave, thou fool! (the Dog reply'd)
The name is juſt, take either ſide;
Thy guilt theſe applications ſpeak:
Sirrah, 'tis conſcience makes you ſqueak."
So ſaying, on the Fox he flies:
The ſelf-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

THE VULTURE, THE SPARROW, AND OTHER BIRDS.

To a Friend in the Country.

ERE I begin, I muſt premiſe,
Our miniſters are good and wiſe;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts, be 't known,
I ne'er preſume to mean our own.

If

If general morals ſeem to joke
On miniſters, and ſuch-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence.
I meddle with no ſtate-affairs,
But ſpare my jeſt to ſave my ears.
Our preſent ſchemes are too profound,
For Machiavel himſelf to ſound:
To cenſure them I 've no pretenſion;
I own they 're paſt my comprehenſion.
You ſay your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's caſe);
And that he very ſoon intends
To ply the court, and teaze his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whoſe conſtant actions prove him juſt
To both a king's and people's truſt,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his riſe to ſuch a friend!
You praiſe his parts, for buſineſs fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But thoſe alone will never do,
Unleſs his patron have them too.
I 've heard of times (pray God defend us!
We 're not ſo good but he can mend us)
When wicked miniſters have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no intereſt but their own.

Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with luſt,
The firſt in favour 's pimp the firſt.
His doors are never clos'd to ſpies,
Who cheer his heart with double lyes;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and ſhame.
If ſchemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors ſwell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All conſciences muſt bend and ply;
You muſt vote on, and not know why:
Through thick and thin you muſt go on;
One ſcruple, and your place is gone.
Since plagues like theſe have curs'd a la
And favourites cannot always ſtand,
Good courtiers ſhould for change be ready
And not have principles too ſteady;
For, ſhould a knave engroſs the power,
(God ſhield the realm from that ſad hour!
He muſt have rogues or ſlaviſh fools;
For what 's a knave without his tools?
Wherever thoſe a people drain,
And ſtrut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and ſtate,
And ſcorn to ſhare the public hate.

Let their own ſervile creatures riſe,
By ſcreening fraud, and venting lyes;
Give me, kind Heaven, a private ſtation *,
A mind ſerene for contemplation:
Title and profit I reſign;
The poſt of honour ſhall be mine.
My Fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with ſuch a crew.
In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the preſent times)
A greedy Vulture, ſkill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by ſhame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And ſtep by ſtep intrudes to power:
When at the royal Eagle's ear,
He longs to eaſe the monarch's care.
The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him miniſter of ſtate!
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends muſt be ſerv'd, and ſome muſt out:
Each thinks his own the beſt pretenſion;
This aſks a place, and that a penſion.
The Nightingale was ſet aſide.
A forward Daw his room ſupply'd.
"This bird (ſays he), for buſineſs fit,
Hath both ſagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and ſhifts, and tricks,
He 's docile, and at nothing ſticks:

* —When impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation. ADDISON.

Then

Then with his neighbours one ſo free
At all times will connive at me."
The Hawk had due diſtinction ſhown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thouſands of hireling Cocks attend him,
As bluſtering bullies, to defend him.
At once the Ravens were diſcarded,
And Magpies with their poſts rewarded.
Thoſe fowls of omen I deteſt,
That pry into another's neſt.
State-lyes muſt loſe all good intent,
For they foreſee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they 're taught, and ſo to vote
"When rogues like theſe (a Sparrow
To honours and employments riſe,
I court no favour, aſk no place;
From ſuch, preferment is diſgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What theſe ne'er feel) true peace of mi

FABLE III.

THE BABOON AND THE POULTR

To a Levee-hunter.

WE frequently miſplace eſteem,
By judging men by what they ſe
To birth, wealth, power, we ſhould allo
Precedence, and our loweſt bow:

In that is due diſtinction ſhown;
Eſteem is Virtue's right alone.
With partial eye we 're apt to ſee
The man of noble pedigree:
We 're prepoſſeſt my Lord inherits,
In ſome degree, his grandſire's merits;
For thoſe we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my Lord.
When we, with ſuperficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we 're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well underſtood,
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.
Thus oft' the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor.
The cringing train of power ſurvey;
What creatures are ſo low as they!
With what obſequiouſneſs they bend!
To what vile actions condeſcend!
Their riſe is on their meanneſs built,
And flattery is their ſmalleſt guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have ſycophants to power addreſs'd!
No matter who the power poſſeſs'd.
Let miniſters be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
Ev'n thoſe who have perplex'd a ſtate,
Whoſe actions claim contempt and hate,

Had

Had wretches to applaud their ſchemes,
Though more abſurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only ſmok'd!
But here (unleſs all hiſtory lyes)
Whole realms have been a ſacrifice.
Look through all courts: 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;
There worſhip'd under every ſhape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-ſerving ſlaves,
Rich proſtitutes and needy knaves.
Who then ſhall glory in his poſt?
How frail his pride, how vain his boaſt!
The followers of his proſperous hour
Are as unſtable as his power
Power, by the breath of Flattery nurſt,
The more it ſwells is nearer burſt;
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear deſcends.
Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wiſhes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of reſtleſs thought,
In birds and beaſts amuſement ſought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With theſe alone ſhe talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her fancy took
(Almoſt a man in ſize and look),
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimick'd all the ſervants round;

Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every buſineſs fit.
With all theſe talents 'twas but juſt
That Pug ſhould hold a place of truſt;
So to her favourite was aſſign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend them eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
Behold him now, with haughty ſtride,
Aſſume a miniſterial pride.
The morning roſe. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
Fowls of all ranks ſurround his hut,
To worſhip his important ſtrut.
The miniſter appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obſequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
Th' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bears it like a man;
For, when we flatter Self-conceit,
We but his ſentiments repeat.
If we 're too ſcrupulouſly juſt,
What profit 's in a place of truſt?
The common practice of the great
Is to ſecure a ſnug retreat.
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
An apple-woman's ſtall was near,
Well ſtock'd with fruits through all the year;

Here

Here every day he cramm'd his guts,
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments ſhould in corn be made.
The ſtock of grain was quickly ſpent,
And no account which way it went.
Then, too, the Poultry's ſtarv'd condition
Caus'd ſpeculations of ſuſpicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond diſpute;
Pug muſt refund his hoards of fruit;
And, though then miniſter in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Diſgrac'd, deſpis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
A Gooſe paſs'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.
"What, no reſpect! no reverence ſhown
How ſaucy are theſe creatures grown!
Not two days ſince (ſays he) you bow'd
The loweſt of my fawning crowd."
"Proud fool! (replies the Gooſe) 'tis true
Thy corn a fluttering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And ſold thee flattery for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We ſaw thee in thy proper ſhape."

FABLE IV.

THE ANT IN OFFICE.

To a Friend.

YOU tell me that you apprehend
My verſe may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never ſquint at courtiers' crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?
You aſk me if I ever knew
Court-chaplains thus the lawn purſue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to riſe muſt fawn;
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never ſhock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney-path deſpiſe;
'Tis my ambition not to riſe.
If I muſt proſtitute the Muſe,
The baſe conditions I refuſe.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to ſhame.
If I Corruption's hand expoſe,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption 's yet no lawful trade.

Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I ſhame bribery out of uſe.
I know 'twould cramp moſt politicians,
Were they ty'd down to theſe conditions.
'Twould ſtint their power, their riches bo
And make their parts ſeem leſs profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fo
Were this the caſe, let 's take a view
What dreadful miſchiefs would enſue.
Though it might aggrandize the ſtate,
Could private luxury dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But miniſters find leſs regard.
Informers, ſycophants, and ſpies,
Would not augment the year's ſupplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual jobb or two might drop.
Beſides, if penſions were deny'd,
Could Avarice ſupport its pride?
It might ev'n miniſters confound,
And yet the ſtate be ſafe and ſound.
I care not though 'tis underſtood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wiſh all courtiers did the ſame.
Nay, though ſome folks the leſs might
I wiſh the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:

Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I 'd vote a miniſter diſgrac'd.
I ſtrike at vice, be 't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope corruption, bribery, penſion,
One may with deteſtation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *ſcandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no ſlander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conſcience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare againſt all vice declaim.
Shall I not cenſure breach of truſt,
Becauſe knaves know themſelves unjuſt?
That ſteward, whoſe account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never ſhun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd, upright.
But then you think my Fable bears
Alluſion, too, to ſtate-affairs.
I grant it does: and who 's ſo great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For miniſters may thirſt for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.
An Ant there was, whoſe forward prate
Control'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;

For he had impudence at will,
And boaſted univerſal ſkill.
Ambition was his point in view:
Thus by degrees to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He's made chief treaſurer of the grain.
But as their ancient laws are juſt,
And puniſh breach of public truſt,
'Tis order'd (leſt wrong application
Should ſtarve that wiſe induſtrious nation)
That all accounts be ſtated clear,
Their ſtock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors ſhall theſe inſpect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the ſolemn day was ſet;
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper muſt explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (ſince he could not refuſe them)
Some ſcraps of paper to amuſe them.
An honeſt Piſmire, warm with zeal,
In juſtice to the public weal,
Thus ſpoke: "The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profuſion flow?
I know our annual funds' amount;
Why ſuch expence? and where 's th' account?"
With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus reply'd.
"Conſider, Sirs, were ſecrets told,
How could the beſt-ſchem'd projects hold?

Should we ſtate-myſteries diſcloſe,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our preſent ſchemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vaſt) was for the ſwarm's defence."
They paſs'd th' account as fair and juſt,
And voted him implicit truſt.
Next year again, the granary drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.
" Think how our preſent matters ſtand,
What dangers threat from every hand;
What hoſts of turkeys ſtroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Conſider, when invaſion's near,
Intelligence muſt coſt us dear;
And, in this tickliſh ſituation,
A ſecret told betrays the nation:
But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vaſt) was for the ſwarm's defence."
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his ſage adminiſtration.
The year revolves. Their treaſure, ſpent,
Again in ſecret ſervice went.
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To ſatisfy the charge alledg'd.
When thus, with panic ſhame poſſeſs'd,
An auditor his friends addreſs'd.
" What are we? miniſterial tools!
We little knaves are greater fools.

At laſt this ſecret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For every grain we touch'd, at leaſt
A thouſand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and favourite ſpies,
A hundred hardly could ſuffice.
Thus, for a paltry ſneaking bribe,
We cheat ourſelves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains."
They vote th' account ſhall be inſpected;
The cunning plunderer is detected;
The fraud is ſentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to public uſe reſtor'd.

FABLE V.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

To a Coxcomb.

THAT man muſt daily wiſer grow,
Whoſe ſearch is bent himſelf to know;
Impartially he weighs his ſcope,
And on firm reaſon founds his hope;
He tries his ſtrength before the race,
And never ſeeks his own diſgrace;
He knows the compaſs, ſail, and oar,
Or never launches from the ſhore;
Before he builds, computes the coſt,
And in no proud purſuit is loſt:

He learns the bounds of human ſenſe,
And ſafely walks within the fence.
Thus, conſcious of his own defect,
Are pride and ſelf-importance check'd.
If then, ſelf-knowledge to purſue,
Direct our life in every view,
Of all the fools that pride can boaſt,
A Coxcomb claims diſtinction moſt.
Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They 're not to ſex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or ſmall,
And vanity beſots them all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Thoſe moſt aſſume, who know the leaſt;
Their own falſe balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.
Not that all Coxcombs' follies ſtrike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To different merits each pretends:
This in love-vanity tranſcends;
That, ſmitten with his face and ſhape,
By dreſs diſtinguiſhes the ape;
Th' other with learning crams his ſhelf,
Knows books, and all things but himſelf.
All theſe are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition:
For thoſe, puff'd up with flattery, dare
Aſſume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the groſſeſt praiſe miſtruſt,
Their ſycophants ſeem hardly juſt;

For theſe, in part alone, atteſt
The flattery their own thoughts ſuggeſt.
In this wide ſphere a Coxcomb's ſhown
In other realms beſides his own:
The ſelf-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controls in every charge.
Does Commerce ſuffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What ſailor darts diſpute his ſkill?
He 'll be an admiral when he will.
Now, meddling in the ſoldier's trade,
Troops muſt be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambaſſadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes muſt ſuffice
The current blunders to diſguiſe.
When his crude ſchemes in air are loſt,
And millions ſcarce defray the coſt,
His arrogance (nought undiſmay'd)
Truſting in ſelf-ſufficient aid,
On other rocks miſguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er ſuſpects his want of ſkill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeſeen event.
Leſt you miſtake the application,
The Fable calls me to relation.
A Bear of ſhag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;

For dextrouſly, and ſafe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the ſwarm.
Thus thriving on induſtrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd ſpoil.
This trick ſo ſwell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterpriſe too great.
Alike in ſciences and arts,
He boaſted univerſal parts:
Pragmatic, buſy, buſtling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontrol'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.
The beaſts, with admiration, ſtare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preſide.
No taſk too difficult was found:
His blundering noſe miſleads the hound.
In ſtratagem and ſubtle arts
He over-rules the fox's parts.
It chanc'd as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A Boat, with rudder, ſail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the ſhore.

He ſtopt, and, turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting ſtrain.
"What blundering puppies are mankii
In every ſcience always blind!
I mock the pedantry of ſchools:
What are their compaſſes and rules?
From me that helm ſhall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance diſcern."
So ſaying, with audacious pride,
He gains the Boat, and climbs the ſide.
The beaſts, aſtoniſh'd, line the ſtrand:
The anchor 's weigh'd; he drives from la
The ſlack ſail ſhifts from ſide to ſide;
The Boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random toſt,
His oar breaks ſhort, the rudder 's loſt.
The Bear, preſuming in his ſkill,
Is here and there officious ſtill;
Till, ſtriking on the dangerous ſands,
Aground the ſhatter'd veſſel ſtands.
To ſee the bungler thus diſtreſt,
The very fiſhes ſneer and jeſt:
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamourous watermen appear;
Threats, curſes, oaths, inſult his ear:
Seiz'd, thraſh'd, and chain'd, he 's dragg'
Deriſion ſhouts along the ſtrand.

FABLE VI.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

To a Country Gentleman.

THE man of pure and ſimple heart
Through life diſdains a double part:
He never needs the ſcreen of lies,
His inward boſom to diſguiſe.
In vain malicious tongues aſſail;
Let Envy ſnarl, let Slander rail,
From Virtue's ſhield (ſecure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd ſhafts rebound.
So ſhines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honeſt mind.
If in his country's cauſe he riſe,
Debating ſenates to adviſe,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honeſt dictates of his heart.
No miniſterial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perſeveres.
  But would you play the politician,
Whoſe heart 's averſe to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reaſon,
Muſt be control'd by place and ſeaſon.
What ſtateſman could his power ſupport,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What miniſter could gain his end?

How could he raiſe his tools to place,
And how his honeſt foes diſgrace?
That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lye with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is ſtrong, his fortune 's made.
By that the intereſt of the throne
Is made ſubſervient to his own:
By that, have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his ſelfiſh ſchemes purſuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.
Antiochus *, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, loſt from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathleſs plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal gueſt;
The Parthian clown brought forth his beſt
The King unknown his feaſt enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what ſudden friendſhip ſpring
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.
"We country-folks (the Clown replie
Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours ſay)
Might he (God bleſs him!) have his wa
Is found at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.

* Plutarch.

If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor ſubjects would be rid.
Were he in power, we need not doubt him;
But, that transferr'd to thoſe about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If ſuch rapacious hands he truſt,
The beſt of men may ſeem unjuſt.
From kings to cobblers 'tis the ſame;
Bad ſervants wound their maſter's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the King knew as much as we!"
Here he ſtopt ſhort. Repoſe they ſought,
The Peaſant ſlept, the Monarch thought.

The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their loſt Sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our hoſt alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage ſwarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And proſtrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd; the royal gueſt
By due reward his thanks expreſt.
The King then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus ſpoke. "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counſels firſt miſled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here converſing: hence, ye crew;
For now I know myſelf and you."

Whene'er the royal ear 's engroſt,
State-lyes but little genius coſt.
The favourite then ſecurely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobbs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poiſons dares inſtil;
And, as his preſent views ſuggeſt,
Inflames or ſooths the royal breaſt.
Thus wicked miniſters oppreſs,
When oft' the monarch means redreſs.
Would kings their private ſubjects hear,
A miniſter muſt talk with fear;
If honeſty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuſe;
'Twould keep him in ſuch narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they diſcloſe
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themſelves and ſubjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the uſe of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wiſe.
But then a miniſter might loſe
(Hard caſe!) his own ambitious views.
When ſuch as theſe have vex'd a ſtate,
Purſued by univerſal hate,
Their falſe ſupport at once hath fail'd,
And perſevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd, their train of fraud is ſeen;
Truth will at laſt remove the ſcreen.

A Country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true ſtanch dogs of chace neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed:
His hand ne'er ſtroak'd the ſpaniel's head.
A ſnappiſh Cur, alone careſt,
By lyes had baniſh'd all the reſt.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full ſcope of converſation.
His ſycophants muſt be preferr'd;
Room muſt be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his ſchemes about,
Old faithful ſervants all muſt out.
The Cur on every creature flew
(As other great men's puppies do),
Unleſs due court to him were ſhown,
And both their face and buſineſs known:
No honeſt tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in conſtant fear,
Leſt truth by chance ſhould interfere.
If any ſtranger dar'd intrude,
The noiſy Cur his heels purſued.
Now fierce with rage, now ſtruck with dread,
At once he ſnarled, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with briſtling hair,
And thus in ſecret growls his fear:
"Who knows but Truth, in this diſguiſe,
May fruſtrate my beſt-guarded lyes?
Should ſhe (thus maſk'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin 's ſign'd."

Now, in his howl's continued ſound,
Their words were loſt, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honeſt tongues,
Thus every day he ſtrain'd his lungs.
It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his power,
Forſook his poſt, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her ſeduc'd, in amorous play,
They friſk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus by untimely love purſuing,
Like Antony he ſought his ruin.
For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noiſe,
An honeſt neighbour's chat enjoys.
"Be free, ſays he; your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants ſhun my gate;
Why ſuch a ſtranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they 're not ſo well inclin'd."
"Turn off your Cur (the Farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lyes.
His ſnarling inſolence offends:
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that ſaucy puppy checkt,
You 'd find again the ſame reſpect.
Hear only him, he 'll ſwear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true eſtate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate."

The 'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap ruſh'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din;
Yet Truth prevail'd; and, with diſgrace,
The dog was cudgel'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

To Myſelf.

HAVE you a friend (look round and ſpy)
So fond, ſo prepoſſeſs'd as I?
Your faults, ſo obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of Fortune blown,
Your airy caſtles were o'erthrown,
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with ſhame?
Was I e'er known to damp your ſpirit;
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not ſo ſtrange that Fortune's frown
Still perſeveres to keep you down.
Look round, and ſee what others do.
Would you be rich and honeſt too?
Have you (like thoſe ſhe rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and baſe?
Have you (as times requir'd) reſign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If theſe are ſcruples, give her o'er;
Write, practiſe morals, and be poor.

The

The gifts of Fortune truly rate,
Then tell me what would mend your ſtate.
If happineſs on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miſer's hoarded ſtore,
His fears, his wants, increaſe the more.
Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the caſe)
Should Fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happineſs augment?
What can ſhe give beyond content?
Suppoſe yourſelf a wealthy heir,
With a vaſt annual income clear!
In all the affluence you poſſeſs,
You might not feel one care the leſs.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuſe beyond all rule,
You might ſtart out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horſes, ſtewards, hounds,
Might ſwell your debts: then, luſt of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs aſſail,
And doom your future life to gaol.
Or, were you dignify'd with power,
Would that avert one penſive hour?
You might give avarice its ſwing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cauſe
Though daily fed with falſe applauſe,

Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happineſs your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinſic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts reſides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every ſphere;
Who finds content, will find her there.
O'erſpent with toil, beneath the ſhade,
A Peaſant reſted on his ſpade.
"Good Gods! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
Induſtrious Labour bids me riſe;
With ſweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care."
Jove heard the diſcontented ſtrain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring ſwain.
"Speak out your wants, then, honeſt Friend:
Unjuſt complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial Fate,
Inſtruct me what could mend your ſtate.
Mankind in every ſtation ſee.
What wiſh you? tell me what you 'd be."
So ſaid, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown ſurvey'd the anxious crowd.
"Yon' face of care, ſays Jove, behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That ſum to-day hath ſwell'd his ſtore."

"Were I that man, (the Peaſant cry'd)
What bleſſing could I aſk beſide?"
"Hold, ſays the God; firſt learn to know
True happineſs from outward ſhow.
This optic glaſs of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."
He look'd, and ſaw the miſer's breaſt
A troubled ocean, ne'er at reſt;
Want ever ſtares him in the face,
And fear anticipates diſgrace:
With conſcious guilt he ſaw him ſtart;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breaſt admits one happy gleam.
"May Jove, he cries, reject my prayer,
And guard my life from guilt and care!
My ſoul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble ſtate!
But ſee, amidſt a gawdy crowd,
Yon' miniſter ſo gay and proud;
On him what happineſs attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"
"Firſt take the glaſs, the God replies;
Man views the world with partial eyes."
"Good Gods! exclaims the ſtartled wight,
Defend me from this hideous ſight!
Corruption with corroſive ſmart
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I ſee him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.

Now Avarice with inſatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His boſom tears. His conſcious breaſt
Groans with a load of crimes oppreſt.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in ſpeeches vain and proud,
His boaſts inſult the nether crowd;
Now, ſeiz'd with giddineſs and fear,
He trembles leſt his fall is near."

"Was ever wretch like this! he cries;
Such miſery in ſuch diſguiſe!
The change, O Jove! I diſavow;
Still be my lot the ſpade and plough."
He next, confirm'd by ſpeculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the ſtateſman ſeem'd in part,
And bore ſimilitude of heart.
Nor did the ſoldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirſt of ſpoil and fame.
The miſeries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deſerts turn'd.
"By theſe have laws and rights been brav'd;
By theſe was free-born man enſlav'd:
When battles and invaſion ceaſe,
Why ſwarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (ſays he) may I decline;
The ſcythe and civil arms be mine!"
Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his raſh petition.

When

When thus the God: "How mortals err!
If you true happineſs prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honeſt mind.
Be juſtice then your ſole purſuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."
So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where firſt he found him, ſet him down.

FABLE VIII.

THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

To my native Country.

HAIL, happy land! whoſe fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;
By bounteous Nature ſet apart,
The ſeat of Induſtry and Art!
O Britain! choſen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy ſons invade!
May never miniſter (intent
His private treaſures to augment)
Corrupt thy ſtate! If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppoſe,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is 't preſcribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring ſtates contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is 't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory ſtands;

That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffuſing good among mankind:
That firſt gave luſtre to thy reigns,
And ſcatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth ſupplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy ſole deſign;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic plows the main,
Who ſhares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that ſupports the regal ſtate,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that cloathe the land
Can ſcarce ſupply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harveſt yields.
Nature expects mankind ſhould ſhare
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for ſloth? * To ſome we find
The ploughſhare's annual toil aſſign'd:
Some at the ſounding anvil glow;
Some the ſwift-ſliding ſhuttle throw;
Some, ſtudious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by induſtry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While ſome, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue aſſiſt mankind.

* Barrow.

Each

Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's uſeful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
The monarch, when his table 's ſpre
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And, when in all his glory dreſt,
Owes to the loom his royal veſt.
Do not the maſon's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art ſupply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All theſe, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cauſe)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honeſt toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or ſmall,
'Tis induſtry ſupports us all.
The animals, by want oppreſs'd,
To man their ſervices addreſs'd:
While each purſued their ſelfiſh good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were v
One day they fed, and ſtarv'd the next.
They ſaw that plenty, ſure and rife,
Was found alone in ſocial life;
That mutual induſtry profeſs'd,
The various wants of man redreſs'd.

The Cat, half famiſh'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to ſpeak.
" Well, Puſs, (ſays Man) and what can you
To benefit the public do?"
The Cat replies, " Theſe teeth, theſe claws,
With vigilance ſhall ſerve the cauſe.
The mouſe, deſtroy'd by my purſuit,
No longer ſhall your feaſts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuſcade,
With waſteful teeth your ſtores invade."
" I grant, ſays Man, to general uſe
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threſhers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the Cat, a foe to ſpoil,
Protect the farmer's honeſt toil."
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
" Well, Sir, be next your merits try'd."
" Sir, ſays the Dog, by ſelf-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if diſtruſt
E'er found me treacherous or unjuſt?
Did I e'er faith or friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe creatures; let them ſpeak.
My vigilance and truſty zeal
Perhaps might ſerve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in ſafety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you ſleep?"

The

The Man replies. " 'Tis juſt and right
Rewards ſuch ſervice ſhould requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The firſt diſtinction is your due.
Such merits all reward tranſcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."

Adreſſing now the Fly: " From you
What public ſervice can accrue?"
" From me! (the fluttering inſect ſaid)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I 'm a gentleman. Is 't fit
That I to induſtry ſubmit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By buſineſs earn ignoble bread;
Loſt in exceſs of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I ſip the tea's delicious flower.
On cates luxuriouſly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe."

The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs coxcomb chides:

" Hence, from that peach, that downy
No idle fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing rind,
And on that pulp ambroſial din'd;

Had not ſome hand, with ſkill and toil,
To raiſe the tree, prepar'd the ſoil?
Conſider, Sot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs things as you.
You 'd ſoon be forc'd (by hunger ſtung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which ſuch deſpicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh Inſect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong diſcern)
That he who, with induſtrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly underſtood."
So ſaying, with a ſudden blow
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Cruſh'd in his luxury and pride,
The ſpunger on the publick dy'd.

FABLE IX.

THE JACKALL, LEOPARD, AND OTHER BEASTS.

To a modern Politician.

I GRANT corruption ſways mankind;
That intereſt, too, perverts the mind;
That bribes have blinded common ſenſe,
Foil'd reaſon, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you, too, our preſent crimes
Can equal thoſe of former times.

Againſt

Againſt plain facts ſhall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age?
I know that in a modern fiſt
Bribes in full energy ſubſiſt.
Since then theſe arguments prevail,
And itching palms are ſtill ſo frail,
Hence Politicians, you ſuggeſt,
Should drive the nail that goes the beſt;
That it ſhows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly muſt diſſent,
Premiſing, no reflection 's meant.
Does juſtice or the client's ſenſe
Teach lawyers either ſide's defence?
The fee gives eloquence its ſpirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wiſdom, or addreſs,
Obtain the proſtitute's careſs?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike perſuades.
Man, Scripture ſays, is prone to evil;
But does that vindicate the devil?
Beſides, the more mankind are prone,
The leſs the devil's parts are ſhown.
Corruption 's not of modern date;
It hath been try'd in every ſtate;
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd
By places, penſions, bribes, diſpens'd;
By theſe they glory'd in ſucceſs,
And impudently dar'd oppreſs;

By theſe deſpotick they ſway'd,
And ſlaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By theſe alone were realms deſtroy'd.
Now ſee theſe wretches in diſgrace,
Stript of their treaſures, power, and place;
View them abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to ſuch reproach and ſcorn.
What now is all your pride, your boaſt?
Where are your ſlaves, your flattering hoſt?
What tongues now feed you with applauſe?
Where are the champions of your cauſe?
Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which ſhar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Preſs foremoſt who ſhall firſt accuſe
Your ſelfiſh jobbs, your paltry views,
Your narrow ſchemes, your breach of truſt,
And want of talents to be juſt.
What fools were theſe amidſt their power!
How thoughtleſs of their adverſe hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it theſe ſycophants to get,
Your bounty ſwell'd a nation's debt?
You 're bit: for theſe, like Swiſs, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.
The Lion is (beyond diſpute)
Allow'd the moſt majeſtic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him ſuperior of his kind:

Yet

Yet to Jackalls (as 'tis averr'd)
Some Lions have their power transferr'd;
As if the parts of pimps and ſpies
To govern foreſts could ſuffice.
  Once, ſtudious of his private good,
A proud Jackall oppreſs'd the wood;
To cram his own inſatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The foreſt groans with diſcontent,
Freſh wrongs the general hate foment.
The ſpreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His ſecret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the caſe,
And feels the terrors of diſgrace.
  "By friends (ſays he) I 'll guard my ſeat,
By thoſe malicious tongues defeat;
I 'll ſtrengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes deſpiſe."
  To make the generous beaſts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condeſcends;
But thoſe repuls'd his abject court,
And ſcorn'd oppreſſion to ſupport.
Friends muſt be had. He can't ſubſiſt.
Bribes ſhall new proſelytes inliſt:
But theſe nought weigh'd in honeſt paws;
For bribes confeſs a wicked cauſe:
Yet think not every paw withſtands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.
  A tempting turnip's ſilver ſkin
Drew a baſe Hog through thick and thin:

Bought with a Stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary Wolf was ſtanch:
The convert Fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden-pippin in his fiſt,
A chattering Monkey join'd the liſt.
But ſoon, expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redreſs'd the ſtate.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his ſecret frauds to light.
As rats, before the manſion falls,
Deſert late hoſpitable walls,
In ſhoals the ſervile creatures run,
To bow before the riſing ſun.
The Hog with warmth expreſs'd his zeal,
And was for hanging thoſe that ſteal;
But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip ſtill afford.
Since ſaving meaſures were profeſt,
A lamb's head was the Wolf's requeſt.
The Fox ſubmitted, if to touch
A goſling would be deem'd too much.
The Monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might aſk a nut, or ſome ſuch matter.
"Ye Hirelings! hence! (the Leopard cries)
Your venal conſcience I deſpiſe.
He, who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchaſe friends.
Who acts this juſt, this open part,
Is propt by every honeſt heart.

Corruption

'Corruption now too late has ſhow'd,
'That bribes are always ill-beſtow'd;
'By you your bubbled maſter 's taught,
Time-ſerving tools, not friends, are bought."

FABLE X.

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

THOUGH courts the practice diſallow,
A friend at all times I 'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendſhip may be kept too long;
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear intereſt next the heart.
As the times take a different face,
Old friendſhips ſhould to new give place.
I know, too, you have many foes,
That owning you is ſharing thoſe;
That every knave in every ſtation,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you ſpeak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you ſpite.
Such freedoms in your works are ſhown,
They can't enjoy what 's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and ſtate,
In frothy nonſenſe ſhew their hate;

With all the petty ſcribbling crew
(And thoſe pert ſots are not a few),
'Gainſt you and Pope their envy ſpurt.
The bookſellers alone are hurt.
Good Gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have power and place)
Are ſcandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honeſty and wit!
Think with yourſelf: thoſe worthy men,
You know, have ſuffer'd by your pen.
From them you 've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myſelf, I know of none,
Beſides the wife and good alone.
To ſet the caſe in fairer light,
My Fable ſhall the reſt recite,
Which (though unlike our preſent ſtate)
I for the moral's ſake relate.
A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption ſow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.
As power and wealth his views ſupply'd,
'Twas ſeen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conſcience wanted ſpirit;
And thoſe who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to ſcorn for ſqueamiſh fools.

Wealth

Wealth claim'd diſtinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was baſe.
He treated induſtry with ſlight,
Unleſs he found his profit by 't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
To bring his ſelfiſh ſchemes in play.
The ſwarm forgot the common toil,
To ſhare the gleanings of his ſpoil.
While vulgar ſouls, of narrow parts,
Waſte life in low mechanic arts,
Let us (ſays he), to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers ſcorn.
The Waſp and Drone, you muſt agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they ſport and play;
No buſineſs interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live.
A ſtubborn Bee, among the ſwarm,
With honeſt indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:
" I ſlight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I thoſe reſpect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none againſt the torrent ſtrive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his riſe on your diſgrace.
'Tis induſtry our ſtate maintains;
'Twas honeſt toil and honeſt gains

That rais'd our fires to power and fame.
Be virtuous; ſave yourſelves from ſhame.
Know that, in ſelfiſh ends purſuing,
You ſcramble for the public ruin."
He ſpoke; and, from his cell diſmiſs'd,
Was inſolently ſcoff'd and hiſs'd.
With him a friend or two reſign'd,
Diſdaining the degenerate kind.
"These Drones (ſays he), theſe inſects vile,
(I treat them in their proper ſtyle)
May for a time oppreſs the ſtate:
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Diſgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

FABLE XI.

THE PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

To a young Nobleman.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To ſuffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for diſreſpect,
If I the flatterer's ſtyle reject;
With that, by menial tongues ſupply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The

The tree's diſtinguiſh'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your firſt purſuit;
Set your great anceſtors in view,
Like them deſerve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions ſcorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with leſs plate their ſide-board ſhone,
Their conſcience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption ſtain'd,
The miniſterial bribe diſdain'd;
They ſerv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They ſtood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cauſe;
By neither place or penſion bought,
They ſpoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your ſires adorn their ſeat;
And ſuch alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning ſlight,
You 're but a dunce in ſtronger light.
In foremoſt rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conſpicuouſly diſgrac'd.
If you, to ſerve a paltry end,
To knaviſh jobbs can condeſcend,
We pay you the contempt that 's due;
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illuſtrious name?
From virtue and unblemiſh'd fame.

By birth the name alone deſcends;
Your honour on yourſelf depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Aſſuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by ſtudy muſt be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from ſon to ſon.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your ſires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your diſgrace.
A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would ſee his horſes eat their corn:
This ſunk the hoſtler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horſes had their due.
Were we ſo cautious in all caſes,
Small gain would riſe from greater places.
The manger now had all its meaſure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleaſure;
When all at once confuſion rung;
They ſnorted, joſtled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horſe turn'd his head aſide,
Foaming, his eye-balls ſwell'd with pride.
"Good Gods! (ſays he) how hard 's my lot!
Is then my high deſcent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudgery and diſgrace
(A life unworthy of my race),
Muſt I, too, bear the vile attacks
Of ragged ſcrubs and vulgar hacks?
See ſcurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thruſt my head!

Shall

Shall I, who boaſt a noble line,
On offals of theſe creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! ſo mean a foe!
My honour ſuffers by the blow.
Newmarket ſpeaks my grandſire's fame;
All jockeys ſtill revere his name:
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his maſſy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You ſaw him with a livery train;
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets ſound.
Let it then, Sir, be underſtood,
Reſpect 's my due, for I have blood."
"Vain-glorious fool! (the Carrier cry'd)
Reſpect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this ſlaviſh part.
Did not thy headſtrong youth diſdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy ſpirit.
What is 't to me by whom begot,
Thou reſtive, pert, conceited ſot?
Your ſires I reverence; 'tis their due:
But, worthleſs fool, what 's that to you?
Aſk all the Carriers on the road,
They 'll ſay, thy keeping 's ill beſtow'd;
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy ſtrength or pace.

What

What profits me thy boaſt of blood?
An aſs hath more intrinſic good.
By outward ſhow let 's not be cheated;
An aſs ſhould like an aſs be treated."

FABLE XII.

PAN AND FORTUNE.

To a young Heir.

SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if th' eſtate had been their own)
The gameſters outwardly expreſt
The decent joy within your breaſt.
So laviſh in your praiſe they grew,
As ſpoke their certain hopes in you.
One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.
"No houſe, ſays he, is more complete;
The garden 's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber 's of a noble ſize.
Then count his jewels and his plate.
Beſides, 'tis no entail'd eſtate.
If caſh run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for ſale or mortgage, free."
Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.

Would

Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treaſures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the ſtealth,
Who raſhly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.
Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gameſters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To ſave your worthy gang from ſhame?
Unleſs you furniſh'd daily bread,
Which way could idleneſs be fed?
Could theſe profeſſors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They muſt run bolder riſks for prey,
And ſtrip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they ſhare,
And 'ſcape the nooſe from year to year.
Conſider, ere you make the bett,
That ſum might croſs your taylor's debt.
When you the pilfering rattle ſhake,
Is not your honour, too, at ſtake?
Muſt you not by mean lyes evade
To-morrow's duns from every trade?
By promiſes ſo often paid,
Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd?
Muſt you not pitifully fawn
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This muſt be done. In debts of play,
Your honour ſuffers no delay:

And

And not this year's and next year's rent
The ſons of rapine can content.
Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Eſtates diſmember'd, mortgag'd, ſold!
Their owners now, to gaols confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the ſpoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of power;
And, with the mercenary liſt,
Upon court-charity ſubſiſt.
You 'll find at laſt this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves purſue.
The foreſt (a whole century's ſhade)
Muſt be one waſteful ruin made:
No mercy 's ſhewn to age or kind;
The general maſſacre is ſign'd.
The park, too, ſhares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'ſquire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the ſtroke;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak.
Through the long wood loud axes ſound,
And Echo groans with every wound.
To ſee the deſolation ſpread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His boſom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he ſpurns.

Cards,

Cards, too, in peeviſh paſſion torn,
The ſport of whirling winds are borne.
" To ſnails inveterate hate I bear,
Who ſpoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I deteſt,
The blooming Spring's voracious peſt;
The locuſt, too, whoſe ravenous band
Spreads ſudden famine o'er the land.
But what are theſe? the dice's throw
At once hath laid a foreſt low.
The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
And the wide park hath loſt its ſhade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its antient glories waſte.
All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus ſhe meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that falſe, fickle jade,
More havock in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry inſect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface."
Fortune, by chance, who near him paſt,
O'erheard the vile aſperſion caſt.
" Why, Pan, (ſays ſhe) what 's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroneſs of vice?
Is 't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the ſhuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men purſue,
I mind the leaſt what gameſters do.

There

There may (if computation's juſt)
One now and then my conduct truſt.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
Theſe truſt alone their fingers' ends,
And not one ſtake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming-board is ſet,
Two claſſes of mankind are met;
But, if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater ſpace.
'Tis a groſs error held in ſchools,
That Fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears diſpute;
That doctrine theſe fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me ſuch rancour ſhow?
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late eſtate he won,
But he by Folly was undone."

FABLE XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

OF all the burthens man muſt bear,
Time ſeems moſt galling and ſevere:
Beneath this grievous load oppreſs'd,
We daily meet ſome friend diſtreſs'd.
"What can one do? I roſe at nine;
'Tis full ſix hours before we dine:

Six

Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two!"
A pamphlet is before him ſpread,
And almoſt half a page is read;
Tir'd with the ſtudy of the day,
The fluttering ſheets are toſs'd away.
He opes his ſnuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and ſtretches in his chair.
"Not twenty, by the minute-hand!
Good Gods, ſays he, my watch muſt ſtand!
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I 'ad read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to riſe too late."
To make the minutes faſter run,
Then, too, his tireſome ſelf to ſhun,
To the next coffee-houſe he ſpeeds,
Takes up the news, ſome ſcraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He ſpies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they ſhare,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.
Says Tom, "Since all men muſt confeſs,
That Time lies heavy, more or leſs,
Why ſhould it be ſo hard to get,
Till two, a party at Piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintery nights are borne.

Does not Quadrille amuſe the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and ſpleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."
"My caſe, ſays Will, then muſt be hard,
By want of ſkill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy theſe, whoſe time ne'er ſtands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this curſed ſhower,
The Park had wil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily loſe an hour or two:
It fully anſwers my deſign,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burden light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At ſix (hard caſe!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From ſix till ten! unleſs in ſleep,
One cannot ſpend the hours ſo cheap.
The comedy 's no ſooner done,
But ſome aſſembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I ſtray,
Converſe, but nothing hear or ſay:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So ſoon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken ſlow-pac'd night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:

Here, too, our early mornings paſs,
Till drowſy ſleep retard the glaſs."
  Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's caſe their own.
  Conſider, friends, no hour rolls on
But ſomething of your grief is gone.
Were you to ſchemes of buſineſs bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too faſt;
You 'd then regret the minute paſt.
Time 's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your ſpirits ſhake,
You 'll own, and grieve for, your miſtake.
A while your thoughtleſs ſpleen ſuſpend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.
  As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his ſtrutting pace.
Each ſtar'd upon the ſtranger's face,
Till recollection ſet them right,
For each knew th' other but by ſight.
After ſome complimental talk,
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various ſubjects ran,
But moſt, what each had done for man.
Plutus aſſumes a haughty air,
Juſt like our purſe-proud fellows here.
  "Let kings, ſays he, let cobblers tell,
Whoſe gifts among mankind excel.

Conſider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That ſtateſman hath the ſtrongeſt hold,
Whoſe tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis ſaid,
The knave in power hath ſenates led:
By that alone he ſway'd debates,
Enrich'd himſelf, and beggar'd ſtates.
Forego your boaſt. You muſt conclude,
That 's moſt eſteem'd that 's moſt purſued.
Think, too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch muſt live whoſe pocket 's light.
Are not his hours by want depreſt?
Penurious care corrodes his breaſt.
Without reſpect, or love, or friends,
His ſolitary day deſcends."

"You might, ſays Cupid, doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold diſpute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing elſe prevails,
Perſuaſive money ſeldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conſcience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profeſt)
Is but a money-jobb at beſt.
Conſent, compliance, may be ſold;
But love 's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retail,
Expoſe what they call Love to ſale;

Such

Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchaſe flattery and deceit.
Thoſe who true love have ever try'd
(The common cares of life ſupply'd)
No wants endure, no wiſhes make,
But every real joy partake.
All comfort on themſelves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliſs in ſtore;
'Tis friendſhip, and 'tis ſomething more.
Each other every wiſh they give:
Not to know love, is not to live."
Or love, or money, (Time reply'd)
Were men the queſtion to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon 's neglected or miſ-ſpent.
"Tis I who meaſure vital ſpace,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and ſeldom ſought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miſer time employ?
Did I e'er ſee him life enjoy?
By me forſook, the hoards he won
Are ſcatter'd by his laviſh ſon.
By me all uſeful arts are gain'd;
Wealth, learning, wiſdom, is attain'd.
Who then would think (ſince ſuch my power)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So ſubtle and ſo ſwift I fly,
Love 's not more fugitive than I.

Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, miſ-ſpent in vain?
For time miſus'd they pine and waſte,
And love's ſweet pleaſures never taſte.
Thoſe who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each purſuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedleſs then are mortals grown!
How little is their intereſt known!
In every view they ought to mind me,
For, when once loſt, they never find me."
He ſpoke. The gods no more conteſt,
And his ſuperior gift confeſt,
That Time (when truly underſtood)
Is the moſt precious earthly good.

FABLE XIV.

THE OWL, THE SWAN, THE COCK, THE SPIDER, THE ASS, AND THE FARMER.

To a Mother.

CONVERSING with your ſprightly boys,
Your eyes have ſpoke the Mother's joys.
With what delight I 've heard you quote
Their ſayings in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profuſely kind.

Truſt

Truſt not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint juſt morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents ſcan:
Juſt education forms the man.
Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life 's already thrown;
That this ſhall plead, the next ſhall fight,
The laſt aſſert the church's right.
I cenſure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents miſapply'd and croſt,
Conſider, all your ſons are loſt.
One day (the tale 's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus addreſs'd his friend:
"To train my boy, and call forth ſenſe,
You know I 've ſtuck at nó expence;
I 've try'd him in the ſeveral arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet, trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice ſhall fix my ſon."
"Sir, ſays the friend, I 've weigh'd the matter;
Excuſe me, for I ſcorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect."
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he 's ſent to ſchool,
Where learning but improves the fool.

The college next muſt give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by licence or degree
The ſexton ſhare the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonſenſe pour;
We find (th' intent of Nature foil'd)
A taylor or a butcher ſpoil'd.
Thus miniſters have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In ſpite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every poſt were fit.
But now let every Muſe confeſs
That merit finds its due ſucceſs.
Th' examples of our days regard;
Where 's virtue ſeen without reward?
Diſtinguiſh'd and in place you find
Deſert and worth of every kind.
Survey the reverend bench, and ſee
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honeſty diſgrac'd and poor?
What is 't to us what was before?
We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were preferr'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, ſons, and couſins.

What

What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing underſtood?
In church and ſtate the ſorry race
Grew more conſpicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.
Conſider, Patrons, that ſuch elves
Expoſe your folly with themſelves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its ſphere.
Your partial hand can wealth diſpenſe,
But never give a blockhead ſenſe.
An Owl of magiſterial air,
Of ſolemn voice, of brow auſtere,
Aſſum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wiſdom in his face;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I 've ſeen a pedant look as wiſe.
Within a barn, from noiſe retir'd,
He ſcorn'd the world, himſelf admir'd;
And, like an ancient ſage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.
Philoſophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to ſcience bred,
Their manners form'd for every ſtation,
And deſtin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people ſav'd,

That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by Socrates was ſown.
To Ariſtotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.
Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equal'd in conceit.
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for maſter of a ſchool.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite ſentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears ſeem'd ſo profound,
They fancy'd learning in the ſound.
The ſchool had fame; the crowded place
With pupils ſwarm'd of every race.
With theſe the Swan's maternal care
Had ſent her ſcarce-fledg'd cygnet heir:
The Hen (though fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aſpir'd to ſcience more refin'd:
The Aſs learnt metaphors and tropes,
But moſt on muſic fix'd his hopes.
The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's buſy ſtage;
And to the Maſter 'twas ſubmitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.
"The Swan, ſays he, in arms ſhall ſhine;
The ſoldier's glorious toil be thine.
The Cock ſhall mighty wealth attain:
Go, ſeek it on the ſtormy main.

The

The court ſhall be the Spider's ſphere:
Power, fortune, ſhall reward him there.
In muſic's art, the Aſs's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name."
Each took the part that he adviſ'd,
And all were equally deſpis'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull Preceptor thus reprov'd.
"Blockhead, ſays he, by what you 've done,
One would have thought them each your ſon;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Conſult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what th' other ſon ſhall be.
Had you with judgement weigh'd the caſe,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place:
The Swan had learnt the ſailor's art;
The Cock had play'd the ſoldier's part;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the foal, in every claſs,
The blockhead had appear'd an Aſs."

FABLE

FABLE XV.

THE COOK-MAID, THE TURNSPIT, AND THE OX.

To a poor Man.

CONSIDER man in every ſphere,
Then tell me, is your lot ſevere?
'Tis murmur, diſcontent, diſtruſt,
That makes you wretched. God is juſt.
I grant, the hungry muſt be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are ſeen and known;
But every mortal feels his own.
We 're born a reſtleſs, needy crew:
Shew me the happier man than you.
Adam, though bleſt above his kind,
For want of ſocial woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the ſubtle ſerpent ſaw,
Her fickle taſte tranſgreſs'd the law:
Thus fell our ſire; and their diſgrace
The curſe entail'd on human race.
When Philip's ſon, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire ſpread;
When altars to his name were dreſs'd;
That he was man, his tears confeſs'd.
The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants reſpect.
What various wants on power attend!
Ambition never gains its end.

Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of ſurfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from every uſe of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's ſtrength and health.
Another, in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miſeries of life:
Domeſtic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is loſt:
Why was that vain entail engroſt?
Canſt thou diſcern another's mind?
What is 't you envy? Envy 's blind.
Tell Envy, when ſhe would annoy,
That thouſands want what you enjoy.
"The dinner muſt be diſh'd at one.
Where 's this vexatious Turnſpit gone?
Unleſs the ſkulking Cur is caught,
The ſurloin's ſpoilt, and I 'm in fault."
Thus ſaid, (for ſure you 'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forſook:
The broomſtick o'er her head ſhe waves;
She ſweats, ſhe ſtamps, ſhe puffs, ſhe raves:
The ſneaking Cur before her flies;
She whiſtles, calls; fair ſpeech ſhe tries.
Theſe nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fiſt and cudgel threat by turns.
With haſty ſtride ſhe preſſes near;
He ſlinks aloof, and howls with fear.

"Was

" Was ever Cur ſo curs'd! (he cry'd)
What ſtar did at my birth preſide!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious taſk! of all our race
No ſlave is half ſo mean and baſe.
Had Fate a kinder lot aſſign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and eaſe enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman, careſt,
Had been the lady's favourite gueſt:
Or were I ſprung from ſpaniel line,
Was his ſagacious noſtril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feaſts ſupply'd,
Knights, 'ſquires, attendant on my pace,
Had ſhar'd the pleaſures of the chace.
Endued with native ſtrength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion ſire?
A lion! ſuch mean views I ſcorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reaſon's power contend?
On man we brutal ſlaves depend:
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."
An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.
" Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind 's your lot compar'd with mine!

Decreed

Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath ſever'd me from ſocial life;
Urg'd by the ſtimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the ſtubborn plain,
Break the ſtiff ſoil, and houſe the grain:
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, conſider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour 's not far away)
You, by the duties of your poſt,
Shall turn the ſpit when I 'm the roaſt;
And for reward ſhall ſhare the feaſt,
I mean, ſhall pick my bones at leaſt."
" Till now, th' aſtoniſh'd Cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How falſe we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their ſeveral cares.
If thus yon' mighty beaſt complains;
Perhaps man knows ſuperior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content."
Thus ſaid, cloſe following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

FABLE XVI.

THE RAVEN, THE SEXTON, AND THE EARTH-WORM.

To Laura.

LAURA, methinks you 're over-nice.
True; flattery is a ſhocking vice:
Yet ſure, whene'er the praiſe is juſt,
One may commend without diſguſt.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by every tongue beſide?
How ſingular are all your ways!
A woman, and averſe to praiſe!
If 'tis offence ſuch truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
Since then I dare not ſpeak my mind,
A truth conſpicuous to mankind;
Though in full luſtre every grace
Diſtinguiſh your celeſtial face;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like ſtars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade; I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praiſe.
If you the tribute due diſdain,
The Muſe's mortifying ſtrain
Shall, like a woman, in mere ſpite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Though ſuch revenge might ſhock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,

Times

I mean that ſuperficial race
Whoſe thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face;
What 's that to you? I but diſpleaſe
Such ever-girliſh ears as theſe.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That laſts the ſame through every ſtage.
Though you by time muſt ſuffer more
Than ever woman loſt before,
To age is ſuch indifference ſhown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native ſtrength of thought
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourſelf by Reaſon's light?
Thoſe eyes, of ſo divine a ray,
What are they? Mouldering, mortal clay.
Thoſe features, caſt in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarſer earth, grow old;
Like common graſs, the faireſt flower
Muſt feel the hoary ſeaſon's power.
How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himſelf confide?
The wretch, who glories in his gain,
Amaſſes heaps on heaps in vain.
Why loſe we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can thoſe (when tortur'd by diſeaſe)
Cheer our ſick heart, or purchaſe eaſe?
Can thoſe prolong one gaſp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

What 's

What's beauty? Call ye that your own?
A flower that fades as ſoon as blown.
What's man in all his boaſt of ſway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.
Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from duſt as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's reſtleſs pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's courſe)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal power!)
Stretch life beyond the deſtin'd hour?
Conſider, Man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar, is the ſame.
Duſt form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then ſinks into his native clay.
Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two Ravens ſate. In ſolemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend beſpoke.
"Methinks I ſcent ſome rich repaſt;
The ſavour ſtrengthens with the blaſt;
Snuff then, the promis'd feaſt inhale;
I taſte the carcaſe in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's ſteed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,
Hath groan'd his laſt. A dainty treat!
To birds of taſte, delicious meat!"

A Sexton, buſy at his trade,
To hear their chat ſuſpends his ſpade.
Death ſtruck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
" Was ever two ſuch blundering fowls,
In brains and manners leſs than owls!
Blockheads, ſays he, learn more reſpect:
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this ſame grave (who does me right,
Muſt own the work is ſtrong and tight)
The 'Squire, that yon' fair hall poſſeſt,
To-night ſhall lay his bones at reſt.
Whence could the groſs miſtake proceed?
The 'Squire was ſomewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meaneſt bird of prey
Such want of ſenſe could ne'er betray;
For ſure ſome difference muſt be found
(Suppoſe the ſmelling organ ſound)
In carcaſſes (ſay what we can),
Or where 's the dignity of man?"
With due reſpect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the caſe.
In ſuch ſimilitude of ſcent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And ſeem their ſavoury words to eat,
They prais'd dead horſe, luxurious food!
The veniſon of the preſcient brood.
The Sexton's indignation, mov'd,
The mean compariſon reprov'd;

Their undiſcerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.
Reproachful ſpeech from either ſide
The want of argument ſupply'd:
They rail, revile; as often ends
The conteſt of diſputing friends.
"Hold, ſays the Fowl; ſince human pr
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let 's ſtate the caſe, and then refer
The knotty point, for taſte may err."
As thus he ſpoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm, huge of ſize, unroll'd
His monſtrous length: they ſtrait agree
To chuſe him as their referee:
So to th' experience of his jaws
Each ſtates the merits of the cauſe.
He paus'd; and, with a ſolemn tone,
Thus made his ſage opinion known:
"On carcaſſes of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beaſt, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such ſmall diſtinction 's in the ſavour,
By turns I chuſe the fancy'd flavour:
Yet I muſt own (that human beaſt!)
A glutton is the rankeſt feaſt.
Man, ceaſe this boaſt; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beſide.
The prince who kept the world in awe,
The judge whoſe dictate fix'd the law,

The rich, the poor, the great, the ſma
Are level'd; death confounds them all
Then think not that we reptiles ſhare
Such cates, ſuch elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food:
'Tis ſeated in th' immortal mind;
Virtue diſtinguiſhes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the ſoul we know not wh
So, Good-man Sexton, ſince the caſe
Appears with ſuch a dubious face,
To neither I the cauſe determine,
For different taſtes pleaſe different vermin

END OF THE SECOND PART.

AYE AND NO.

A FABLE*.

IN Fable all things hold diſcourſe;
Then Words, no doubt, muſt talk of courſe.
Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hoſtile adverbs, Aye and No,
Were haſtening to the field of fight,
And front to front ſtood oppoſite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Aye, the more courteous knight, began.
"Stop, peeviſh Particle! beware!
I'm told you are not ſuch a bear,
But ſometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon' folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who muſt decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder ſtage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Aye, and Aye gives No;
Yet, in expenſive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or penſion.
Why then ſhould kinsfolks quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.)

* Taken from the Miſcellanies publiſhed by Swift and Mr. Pope.

To ſome wiſe ſtateſman let us go,
Where each his proper uſe may know:
He may admit two ſuch commanders,
And make thoſe wait who ſerv'd in Flanders.
Let 's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treaſury lord, not Maiſter Young.
Obſequious at his high command,
Aye ſhall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can beſt reſiſt,
And Aye ſupport the Civil liſt:
Aye, quick as Cæſar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual fly diſguiſe,
Let Aye's ſeem No's, and No's ſeem Aye's;
Aye's be in courts denials meant,
And No's in biſhops give conſent."
Thus Aye propos'd—and, for reply,
No, for the firſt time, anſwer'd Aye.
They parted with a thouſand kiſſes,
And fight e'er ſince for pay, like Swiſſes.

DUKE UPON DUKE*:
AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF, CHEVY-CHACE.

TO lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feaſt in bower or hall:
Though dukes they be, to dukes I ſay,
That pride will have a fall.

Now that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John duke of Guiſe †,
And Nic of Lancaſtere ‡.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And, if your a—ſe, a kick.

* This humourous Ballad is aſcribed to Mr. Gay conjecture only. It is among the Miſcellanies pu liſhed by Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope; is there marked *not* the Dean's; and has never been conſidered as M Pope's. N.

† Sir John Guiſe. N.

‡ Nicholas Lord Lechmere, Chancellor of tl Dutchy of Lancaſter. N.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your noſe,
At every turn fell to 't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of theſe the duke of Lancaſtere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His foes, and friends beſide.

Firm on his front his beaver ſate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his ſkin.

With Spaniſh wool he dy'd his cheek,
With eſſence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat ſo ſweet,
Nor could ſo ſcratch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Though made full ſhort by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair,
To Guiſe's duke was he:
Was ever ſuch a loving pair?
How could they diſagree?

Oh, thus it was: he lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And, having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his deſperate quill,
And thus he did indite:
"This eve at whiſt ourſelf will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to-night."

"Ah no! ah no!" the guileleſs Guiſe
Demurely did reply;
"I cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
"So ſore the gout have I."

The duke in wrath call'd for his ſteeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! lord! how rattled then thy ſtones,
O kingly Kenſington*!

All in a trice he ruſh'd on Guiſe,
Thruſt out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his noſe, trod on his toes,
And ſmote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midſt of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leap'd duke John, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic! oh Nic, alas!
Right did thy goſſip call thee:
As who ſhould ſay, alas the day
When John of Guiſe ſhall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did ſit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do —— what was not fit.

* Lord Lechmere lived at Camden-houſe, near Kenſington. N.

Up didſt thou look, oh woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d inſtead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guiſe,
"No *ſheet* is here to ſave thee:
"The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
"Beneath my feet I have thee.

"If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out,"
Then Lancaſtere did cry,
"Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
"Who thou, and who am I?

"Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd!)
"Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
"Than all the line of Lancaſtere,
"That battled heretofore?

"In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
"And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
"Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
"Still of the council privy;

"Still of the *dutchy* chancellor:
"*Durante* life I have it;
"And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
"Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And duke Nic. up leap'd he:
"I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
"But, Guiſe! I'll fight with thee:

"To-morrow

" To-morrow with thee will I fight
" Under the green-wood tree."
" No, not to-morrow, but to-night"
(Quoth Guiſe) " I 'll fight with thee."

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtreak'd with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guiſe.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn,
Oft' roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was Lancaſtere to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee:

And ſo he did — for to New Court
His rolling wheels did run:
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtrife;
But *buſineſs* muſt be done,

Back in the dark, by Brompton-park,
He turn'd up through the Gore;
So ſlunk to Camden-houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean-while duke Guiſe did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore muttering all the way,
"The day I meet him, Nic ſhall rue
"The cudgel of that day.

"Mean time on every piſſing-poſt
"Paſte we this recreant's name,
"So that each piſſer-by ſhall read
"And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from duke Nic,
That *pride will have a fall!*

DIONE.

A

PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

"Sunt numina amanti,
"Sævit et injustâ lege relicta Venus."
TIBULL. Eleg. v. Lib. i.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

EVANDER under the name of LYCIDAS.
CLEANTHES.
Shepherds.

WOMEN.

DIONE under the name of ALEXIS.
PARTHENIA.
LAURA.

Scene, ARCADIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain at the Foot of a ſteep craggy Mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

WHY doſt thou fly me? Stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not theſe horrid caverns of deſpair;
To trace thy ſteps, the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown deſert, and unſhelter'd moor:
Three times the lark has ſung his matin lay,
And roſe on dewy wing to meet the day,
Since firſt I found thee, ſtretch'd in penſive mood,
Where laurels border Ladon's ſilver flood.

DIONE.

O let my ſoul with grateful thanks o'erflow!
'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
Like the weak lamb, you rais'd me from the plain,
Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain;
Each day I ſhare thy bowl and clean repaſt,
Each night thy roof defends the chilly blaſt.
But vain is all thy friendſhip, vain thy care;
Forget a wretch abandon'd to deſpair.

LAURA.

Deſpair will fly thee, when thou ſhalt impart
The fatal ſecret that torments thy heart;

Diſcloſe

Diſcloſe thy ſorrows to my faithful ear,
Inſtruct theſe eyes to give thee tear for tear.
Love, love 's the cauſe; our foreſts ſpeak thy flan
The rocks have learnt to ſigh Evander's name.
If faultering ſhame thy baſhful tongue reſtrain,
If thou haſt look'd, and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd in vai
Say, in what grove thy lovely ſhepherd ſtrays,
Tell me what mountains warble with his lays;
Thither I 'll ſpeed me, and with moving art
Draw ſoft confeſſions from his melting heart.

DIONE.

Thy generous care has touch'd my ſecret woe.
Love bids theſe ſcalding tears inceſſant flow.
Ill-fated love! O ſay, ye ſylvan maids,
Who range wide foreſts and ſequeſter'd ſhades,
Say where Evander bled, point out the ground
That yet is purple with the ſavage wound.
Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
High o'er thoſe cliffs the raven wings his way;
Hark how he croaks! he ſcents the murder near.
O may no greedy beak his viſage tear!
Shield him, ye Cupids; ſtrip the Paphian grove,
And ſtrow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
Down, heaving heart.

LAURA.

— The mournful tale diſcloſe.

DIONE.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repoſe.
Yet if thy friendſhip ſtill the cauſe requeſt;
I 'll ſpeak, though ſorrow rend my labouring bre

Know then, fair ſhepherdeſs, no honeſt ſwain
Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain;
Unus'd to ſweet content, no flocks I keep,
Nor browzing goats that overhang the ſteep.
Born where Orchomenos' proud turrets ſhine,
I trace my birth from long illuſtrious line,
Why was I train'd amidſt Arcadia's court?
Love ever revels in that gay reſort.
Whene'er Evander paſt, my ſmitten heart
Heav'd frequent ſighs, and felt unuſual ſmart.
Ah! hadſt thou ſeen with what ſweet grace he mov'd!
Yet why that wiſh? for Laura then had lov'd.

LAURA.

Diſtruſt me not; thy ſecret wrongs impart.

DIONE.

Forgive the ſallies of a breaking heart.
Evander's ſighs his mutual flame confeſt,
The growing paſſion labour'd in his breaſt;
To me he came; my heart with rapture ſprung,
To ſee the bluſhes, when his faultering tongue
Firſt ſaid, I love. My eyes conſent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful paſſion ſeal:
Where's now the lovely youth; he's loſt, he's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain!

LAURA.

Are thus the hopes of conſtant lovers paid?
If thus—ye Powers, from love defend the maid!

DIONE.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple eaſt,
Since my dear hunter rouz'd the tuſky beaſt;
Swift flew the foaming monſter through the wood,
Swift as the wind, his eager ſteps purſued:
'Twas then the ſavage turn'd; then fell the youth,
And his dear blood diſtain'd the barbarous tooth.

LAURA.

Was there none near? no ready ſuccour found?
Nor healing herb to ſtaunch the ſpouting wound?

DIONE.

In vain through pathleſs woods the hunters croſt,
And ſought with anxious eye their maſter loſt;
In vain their frequent hollows eccho'd ſhrill,
And his lov'd name was ſent from hill to hill;
Evander hears you not. He 's loſt, he 's ſlain,
And the pale corſe lies breathleſs on the plain.

LAURA.

Has yet no clown (who, wandering from the way,
Beats every buſh to raiſe the lamb aſtray)
Obſerv'd the fatal ſpot?

DIONE.

— O, if ye paſs
Where purple murder dyes the wither'd graſs,
With pious finger gently cloſe his eyes,
And let his grave with decent verdure riſe. [*Weeps.*

LAURA.

Behold the turtle who has loſt her mate;
Awhile with drooping wing ſhe mourns his fate;

Sullen,

Sullen, awhile she seeks the darkest grove,
And cooing meditates the murder'd dove;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again she's chear'd, again she seeks the day.
Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

DIONE.

Yet sure some turtle's love has equal'd mine,
Who, when the hawk has snatch'd her mate away,
Hath never known the glad return of day.
When my fond father saw my faded eye,
And on my livid cheek the roses die;
When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
My looks, my sighs, confirm'd him that I lov'd.
He knew not that Evander was my flame,
Evander dead! my passion still the same!
He came, he threaten'd; with paternal sway,
Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day:
O cruel kindness! too severely prest!
I scorn his honours, and his wealth detest.

LAURA.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

DIONE.

Though bound my duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spies,
And the pale moon had journey'd half the skies,
Softly I rose and dress'd; with silent tread,
Unbarr'd the gates, and to these mountains fled.
Here let me sooth the melancholy hours!
Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bowers!

Where my calm ſoul may fettled ſorrow know,
And no Cleanthes interrupt my woe
With importuning love —
[*Melancholy muſic is heard at a diſtance.*
On yonder plain
Advances ſlow a melancholy train;
Black cypreſs boughs their drooping heads adorn.

LAURA.

Alas! Menalcas to his grave is borne.
Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride!
He ſaw, he ſigh'd, he lov'd, was ſcorn'd, and dy'd.

DIONE.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
Where may I ſee her?

LAURA.

— Aſk the ſighing ſwains.
They beſt can ſpeak the conqueſts of her eyes;
Whoever ſees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

DIONE.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath croſs'd,
And ſhe, like me, hath her Evander loſt.
How my ſoul pities her!

LAURA.

— If pity move
Your generous boſom, pity thoſe who love.
There late arriv'd among our ſylvan race
A ſtranger ſhepherd, who with lonely pace
Viſits thoſe mountain-pines at dawn of day,
Where oft' Parthenia takes her early way

To

To rouze the chace; mad with his amorous pain,
He ſtops and raves; then ſullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is borne by paſſing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of ſorrow go,
Nor let the mournful ſcene prolong thy woe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.*

Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes (crowned with garlands of cypreſs and yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.

1 SHEPHERD.

Here gently reſt the corſe — With faultering breath
Thus ſpake Menalcas on the verge of death.
" Belov'd Palemon, hear a dying friend;
" See, where yon hills with craggy brows aſcend,
" Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
" There firſt I ſaw her, there began my woes.
" When I am cold, may there this clay be laid!
" There often ſtrays the dear, the cruel maid;
" There as ſhe walks, perhaps you 'll hear her ſay,
" (While a kind guſhing tear ſhall force its way)
" How could my ſtubborn heart relentleſs prove?
" Ah, poor Menalcas — all thy fault was love!"

2 SHEPHERD.

When pitying lions o'er a carcaſe groan,
And hungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;

* This and the following ſcene are formed upon the novel of Marcella in Don Quixote.

When the lean wolf laments the mangled ſheep;
Then ſhall Parthenia o'er Menalcas weep.

1 SHEPHERD.

When famiſh'd panthers ſeek their morning food,
And monſters roar along the deſert wood;
When hiſſing vipers ruſtle through the brake,
Or in the path-way rears the ſpeckled ſnake;
The wary ſwain th' approaching peril ſpies,
And through ſome diſtant road ſecurely flies.
Fly then, ye ſwains, from beauty's ſurer wound.
Such was the fate our poor Menalcas found!

2 SHEPHERD.

What ſhepherd does not mourn Menalcas ſlain?
Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud diſdain!
Whoe'er attempts to bend her ſcornful mind,
Cries to the deſerts, and purſues the wind.

1 SHEPHERD.

With every grace Menalcas was endow'd,
His merits dazzled all the ſylvan croud.
If you would know his pipe's melodious ſound,
Aſk all the echoes of theſe hills around,
For they have learnt his ſtrains; who ſhall rehearſe
The ſtrength, the cadence of his tuneful verſe?
Go, read thoſe lofty poplars; there you 'll find
Some tender ſonnet grow on every rind.

2 SHEPHERD.

Yet what avails his ſkill? Parthenia flies.
Can merit hope ſucceſs in woman's eyes?

1 SHEPHERD.

Why was Parthenia form'd of ſofteſt mould?
Why does her heart ſuch ſavage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart — ſo ſpare the ſhepherd race.

2 SHEPHERD.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I caſt;
So may Parthenia's tranſient beauty waſte!

1 SHEPHERD.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
Or ſees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
Thinking her features never ſhall decay,
This ſwain ſhe ſcorns, from that ſhe turns away.
But know, as when the roſe her bud unfolds,
Awhile each breaſt the ſhort-liv'd fragrance holds;
When the dry ſtalk lets drop her ſhrivel'd pride,
The lovely ruin 's ever thrown aſide.
So ſhall Parthenia be.

2 SHEPHERD.

— See, ſhe appears,
To boaſt her ſpoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia *appears from the mountain.*

PARTHENIA. SHEPHERDS.

1 SHEPHERD.

Why this way doſt thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious Baſiliſk? Lo! there he lies:
There lies the youth thy curſed beauty ſlew;
See, at thy preſence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

PARTHENIA.

— Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I 'm a Baſiliſk, the danger fly,
Shun the ſwift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I 'm a murderer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your boſom bare?

1 SHEPHERD.

What heart is proof againſt that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

PARTHENIA.

— Is love in mine?
If e'er I trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Or with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain;
Then might you juſtly curſe my ſavage mind,
Then might you rank me with the ſerpent kind:

But I ne'er trifled with a ſhepherd's pain,
Nor with falſe hope his paſſion ſtrove to gain:
'Tis to his raſh purſuit he owes his fate;
I was not cruel; he was obſtinate.

1 SHEPHERD.

Hear this, ye ſighing ſhepherds, and deſpair.
Unhappy Lycidas, thy hour is near!
Since the ſame barbarous hand hath ſign'd thy doom,
We 'll lay thee in our lov'd Menalcas' tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Why will intruding man my peace deſtroy?
Let me content and ſolitude enjoy;
Free was I born; my freedom to maintain,
Early I fought the unambitious plain.
Moſt women's weak reſolves, like reeds, will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every ſigh;
Mine, like an oak, whoſe firm roots deep deſcend,
Nor breath of love can ſhake, nor ſigh can bend.
If ye unhappy Lycidas would ſave;
Go ſeek him, lead him to Menalcas' grave;
Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
Like him Menalcas wept, but wept in vain:
Bid him his heart-conſuming groans give o'er:
Tell him, I heard ſuch piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O Lycidas, be wiſe,
Prevent thy fate. — Lo! there Menalcas lies.

1 SHEPHERD.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;

Let 's

Let 's ſeek our charge; the flocks, diſperſing wide,
Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's ſide.
Truſt not, ye ſwains, the lightning of her eye,
Leſt ye, like him, ſhould love, deſpair, and die.

[*Exeunt* Shepherds, *&c.* Parthenia *remains in a melancholy poſture, looking on the grave of* Menalcas.

Enter LYCIDAS.

SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When ſhall my ſteps have reſt? through all the wood;
And by the winding banks of Ladon's flood,
I fought my love. O ſay, ye ſkipping fawns
(Who range entangled ſhades and daiſy'd lawns),
If ye have ſeen her! ſay, ye warbling race
(Who meaſure on ſwift wing th' aerial ſpace,
And view below hills, dales, and diſtant ſhores),
Where ſhall I find her whom my ſoul adores?

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[Dione *and* Laura *at a diſtance.*

LYCIDAS.

What do I ſee? no. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding viſion riſe.

'Tis

'Tis ſhe. My ſpringing heart her preſence feels.
See, proſtrate Lycidas before thee kneels.
[*Kneeling to* Parthenia.
Why will Parthenia turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls Parthenia? hah!

[*She ſtarts from her melancholy; and, ſeeing* Lycidas, *flies into the wood.*

LYCIDAS.

— Stay, virgin, ſtay.
O wing my feet, kind Love. See, ſee, ſhe bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when preſt by hounds.

[*He purſues her.* Dione *faints in the arms of* Laura.

LAURA.

What means this trembling? All her colour flies,
And life is quite unſtrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And anſwer me; ſpeak, ſpeak, 'tis Laura calls.
Speech has forſook her lips. — She faints, ſhe falls.
Fan her, ye zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the ſhades of death:
Blow, ye cool gales. See, ſee, the foreſt ſhakes
With coming winds! ſhe breathes, ſhe moves, ſhe wakes.

DIONE.

Ah, falſe Evander!

LAURA.

— Calm thy ſobbing breaſt.
Say, what new ſorrow has thy heart oppreſt?

DIONE

DIONE.

Didſt thou not hear his ſighs and ſuppliant tone?
Didſt thou not hear the pitying mountain groan?
Didſt thou not ſee him bend his ſuppliant knee?
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his ſoul! See how he ſtrains,
And leſſens to the ſight o'er yonder plains,
To keep the fair in view! Run, virgin, run,
Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undone!

LAURA.

Let not imaginary terrors fright.
Some dark deluſion ſwims before thy ſight.
I ſaw Parthenia from the mountain's brow,
And Lycidas with proſtrate duty bow;
Swift, as the falcon's wing, I ſaw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why ſtream thy tears for ſorrows not thy own?

DIONE.

Oh! where are honour, faith, and juſtice flown?
Perjur'd Evander!

LAURA.

— Death has laid him low.
Touch not the mournful ſtring that wakes thy woe.

DIONE.

That amorous ſwain, whom Lycidas you name,
(Whoſe faithleſs boſom feels another flame)
Is my once kind Evander — yes — 'twas he.
He lives — but lives, alas! no more for me.

LAURA.

Let not thy frantic words confeſs deſpair.

DIONE.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air?
Yes, I that treacherous voice with joy believ'd,
That voice, that mien, that air, my ſoul deceiv'd.
If my dear ſhepherd love the lawns and glades,
With him I 'll range the lawns, and ſeek the ſhades,
With him through ſolitary deſerts rove.
But could he leave me for another love?
O baſe ingratitude!

LAURA.

— Suſpend thy grief,
And let my friendly counſel bring relief
To thy deſponding ſoul. Parthenia's ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts diſdain, he follows ſcorn,
And in the paſſing winds his vows are borne.
Soon will he find that all in vain he ſtrove
To tame her boſom; then his former love
Shall wake his ſoul; then will he ſighing blame
His heart inconſtant, and his perjur'd flame:
Then ſhall he at Dione's feet implore,
Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

DIONE.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding ſpeech, coy looks, and cold diſdain,
To raiſe his paſſion. Such are female arts,
To hold in ſafer ſnares inconſtant hearts!

LAURA.

LAURA.

Parthenia's breaſt is ſteel'd with real ſcorn.

DIONE.

And doſt thou think Evander will return?

LAURA.

Forego thy ſex, lay all thy robes aſide,
Strip off theſe ornaments of female pride;
The ſhepherd's veſt muſt hide thy graceful air,
With the bold manly ſtep a ſwain appear;
Then with Evander may'ſt thou rove unknown,
Then let thy tender elegance be ſhown;
Then the new-fury of his heart control,
And with Dione's ſufferings touch his ſoul.

DIONE.

Sweet as refreſhing dews, or ſummer ſhowers,
To the long parching thirſt of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting ſwains,
And ſoft as trickling balm to bleeding pains;
Such are thy words. The ſex ſhall be reſign'd,
No more ſhall braided gold theſe treſſes bind;
The ſhepherd's garb the woman ſhall diſguiſe.
If he has loſt all love, may friendſhip's tyes
Unite me to his heart!

LAURA.

— Go, proſperous maid,
May ſmiling love thy faithful wiſhes aid!
Be now Alexis call'd. With thee I 'll rove,
And watch thy wanderer through the mazy grove:

Let

DIONE.

Let me be honour'd with a ſiſter's nam
For thee, I feel a more than ſiſter's flar

DIONE.

Perhaps my ſhepherd has outſtript her
Think'ſt thou, when out of ſight, ſhe fle
One ſudden glance might turn her ſavage
May ſhe like Daphne fly, nor look behin
Maintain her ſcorn, his eager flame deſpi
Nor view Evander with Dione's eyes!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Lycidas *lying on the grave of* Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

WHEN ſhall theſe ſcalding fountains ceaſe to flow
How long will life ſuſtain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? Roll back, thou ſource of light
And feed my ſorrows with eternal night.
Come, ſable Death! give, give the welcome ſtroke;
The raven calls thee from yon' blaſted oak.
What pious care my ghaſtful lid ſhall cloſe?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compoſe?
O happy ſhepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandering in the ſighing plains
Of bleſt Elyſium; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghoſts bemoan their former loves.
Open, thou ſilent grave; for lo! I come
To meet Menalcas in the fragrant gloom;
There ſhall my boſom burn with friendſhip's flame,
The ſame our paſſion, and our fate the ſame;
There, like two nightingales on neighbouring boughs,
Alternate ſtrains ſhall mourn our fruſtrate vows.
But if cold death ſhould cloſe Parthenia's eye,
And ſhould her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendſhip would ſoon in jealous fear be loſt,
And kindling hate purſue thy rival ghoſt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE *in a Shepherd's Habit.*

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wiſe;
Truſt not thy ſafety to Parthenia's eyes.
As from the bearing falcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, Parthenia flies from love.

DIONE.

If in theſe vales the fatal beauty ſtray,
From the cold marble riſe; let's haſte away.
Why lie you panting, like the ſmitten deer?
Truſt not the dangers which you bid me fear.

LYCIDAS.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets ſurprize,
On ſoaring pinion rove the ſpacious ſkies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get looſe from love.
The ſnares of death are o'er me. Hence! beware;
Leſt you ſhould ſee her, and like me deſpair.

DIONE.

No. Let her come; and ſeek this vale's receſs,
In all the beauteous negligence of dreſs;
Though Cupid ſend a ſhaft in every glance,
Though all the Graces in her ſtep advance,
My heart can ſtand it all. Be firm, my breaſt;
Th' enſnaring oath, the broken vow deteſt:

That flame, which other charms have power to move
O give it not the ſacred name of love!
'Tis perjury, fraud, and meditated lyes.
Love 's ſeated in the ſoul, and never dies.
What then avail her charms? My conſtant heart
Shall gaze ſecure, and mock a ſecond dart.

LYCYDAS.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found,
And the ſame hand that gave, now heals the wound.
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the ſport of pride and ſcorn?

DIONE.

O tell me, ſhepherd, hath thy faithleſs maid,
Falſe to her vow, thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her ſmooth ſpeech engage thee to believe?
Did ſhe proteſt and ſwear, and then deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

LYCIDAS.

—The haughty fair
Contemns my ſufferings, and diſdains to hear.
Let meaner Beauties, learn'd in female ſnares,
Entice the ſwain with half-conſenting airs;
Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conquering eyes,
And yet, wheree'er ſhe turns, a lover ſighs.
Vain is the ſteady conſtancy you boaſt;
All other love at ſight of her is loſt.

DIONE.

True conſtancy no time, no power, can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

Thou

Though the dear author of my hapleſs flame
Purſue another; ſtill my heart's the ſame.
Am I for ever left? (excuſe theſe tears)
May your kind friendſhip ſoften all my cares!

LYCIDAS.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, beſtow?

DIONE.

He beſt can pity who hath felt the woe.

LYCIDAS.

Since different objects have our ſouls poſſeſt,
No rival fears our friendſhip ſhall moleſt,

DIONE.

Come, let us leave the ſhade of theſe brown hills,
And drive our flocks beſide the ſtreaming rills.
Should the fair tyrant to theſe vales return,
How would thy breaſt with double fury burn!
Go hence, and ſeek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

—Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudeſt of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the ſteep the winding path declines,
I ſaw the nymph deſcend.

LYCIDAS.

—She comes, ſhe comes;
From her the paſſing Zephyrs ſteal perfumes,
As from the violet's bank with odours ſweet
Breathes every gale; ſpring blooms beneath her feet.
Yes, 'tis my faireſt; here ſhe 's wont to rove.

LAURA.

Say, by what ſigns I might have known thy Love?

LYCIDAS.

My Love is fairer than the ſnowy breaſt
Of the tall ſwan, whoſe proudly ſwelling cheſt
Divides the wave; her treſſes, looſe behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The riſing bluſhes, which her cheek o'erſpread,
Are opening roſes in the lily's bed.
Know'ſt thou Parthenia?

LAURA.

—Wretched is the ſlave
Who ſerves ſuch pride! Behold Menalcas' grave!
Yet if Alexis and this ſighing ſwain
Wiſh to behold the Tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind theſe myrtles twining arms
Retire unſeen; from thence ſurvey her charms.
Wild as the chaunting thruſh upon the ſpray,
At man's approach, ſhe ſwiftly flies away.
Like the young hare, I've ſeen the panting maid
Stop, liſten, run; of every wind afraid.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart. [*To* Dione.
[Lycidas, Dione, *and* Laura, *retire behind the boughs.*

SCENE IV.

PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

This melancholy ſcene demands a groan.
Hah! what inſcription marks the weeping ſtone?
"O power of beauty! here Menalcas lies.
"Gaze not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Why did Heaven form me with ſuch poliſh'd care?
Why caſt my features in a mould ſo fair?
If blooming beauty was a bleſſing meant,
Why are my ſighing hours deny'd content?
The downy peach, that glows with ſunny dyes,
Feeds the black ſnail, and lures voracious flies;
The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
And pecking finches ſcoop the golden rind;
But beauty ſuffers more pernicious wrongs,
Blaſted by envy, and cenſorious tongues.
How happy lives the nymph whoſe comely face
And pleaſing glances boaſt ſufficient grace
To wound the ſwain ſhe loves! No jealous fears
Shall vex her nuptial ſtate with nightly tears;
Nor amorous youths, to puſh their foul pretence,
Infeſt her days with dull impertinence.

But why talk I of love? My guarded heart
Diſowns his power, and turns aſide the dart.
Hark! from his hollow tomb Menalcas cries,
"Gaze not, ye ſhepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Come, Lycidas, the mournful lay peruſe,
Leſt thou, like him, Parthenia's eyes accuſe.
[*She ſtands in a melancholy poſture, looking on the tomb.*

LYCIDAS.

Call'd ſhe not Lycidas?—I come, my fair;
See generous pity melts into a tear,
And her heart ſoftens. Now's the tender hour;
Aſſiſt me, Love! exert thy ſovereign power
To tame the ſcornful maid.

DIONE.

—Raſh ſwain, be wiſe:
'Tis not from thee or him; from Love ſhe flies.
Leave her, forget her. [*They hold* Lycidas.

LAURA.

—Why this furious haſte?

LYCIDAS.

Unhand me; looſe me.

DIONE.

—Siſter, hold him faſt.
To follow her, is, to prolong deſpair.
Shepherd, you muſt not go.

LYCIDAS.

—Bold youth, forbear.
Hear me, Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

—From behind the ſhade
Methought a voice ſome liſtening ſpy betray'd.
Yes, I 'm obſerv'd. [*She runs out.*

LYCIDAS.

—Stay, nymph; thy flight ſuſpend.
She hears me not—when will my ſorrows end!
As over-ſpent with toil, my heaving breaſt
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me reſt.
[*He remains in a fixt melancholy.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Recall thy ſcatter'd ſenſe, bid reaſon wake,
Subdue thy paſſion.

LYCIDAS.

—Shall I never ſpeak?
She 's gone, ſhe 's gone—Kind ſhepherd, let me reſt
My troubled head upon thy friendly breaſt.
The foreſt ſeems to move—O curſed ſtate!
I doom'd to love, and ſhe condemn'd to hate!
Tell me, Alexis, art thou ſtill the ſame?
Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
Of thy firſt love? did not thy fluttering heart,
Whene'er ſhe rais'd her look, confeſs the dart?

DIONE.

I own, the nymph is faireſt of her race,
Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,
Mindful of former promiſe; all that's dear,
My thoughts, my dreams, my every wiſh is there.
Since then our hopes are loſt; let friendſhip's tye
Calm our diſtreſs, and ſlighted love ſupply;
Let us together drive our fleecy ſtore,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis death alone can raiſe her from my breaſt.

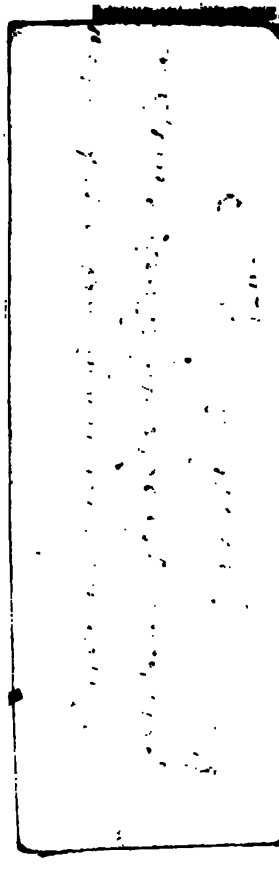
LAURA.

Why ſhines thy love ſo far above the reſt?
Nature, 'tis true, in every outward grace,
Her niceſt hand employ'd; her lovely face
With beauteous feature ſtampt; with roſy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her eyes:
But, if thou ſearch the ſecrets of her mind,
Where ſhall thy cheated ſoul a virtue find?
Sure hell with cruelty her breaſt ſupply'd:
How did ſhe glory when Menalcas dy'd!
Pride in her boſom reigns; ſhe 's falſe, ſhe 's vain;
She firſt entices, then inſults the ſwain.
Shall female cunning lead thy heart aſtray?
Shepherd, be free; and ſcorn for ſcorn repay.

LYCIDAS.

How woman talks of woman!

DIONE.



DIO

I own, the nymph is fair
Yet I unmov'd can on thi
Mindful of former promis
My thoughts, my dreams
Since then our hopes are l
Calm our diſtreſs, and ſlig
Let us together drive our
And of ungrateful woman

L Y

'Tis death alone can raiſe

L

Why ſhines thy love ſo f
Nature, 'tis true, in ever
Her niceſt hand employ'd
With beauteous feature ſ
Warm'd her fair cheek;
But, if thou ſearch the ſe
Where ſhall thy cheated
Sure hell with cruelty he
How did ſhe glory when
Pride in her boſom reign
She firſt entices, then in
Shall female cunning lea
Shepherd, be free; and

L

Ev woman talks of wo

:et a long abſence cure thy love-ſic
'o ſome far grove retire, her ſight
or with her charms awake the dyi
:t not an hour thy happy flight ſuſ
it go not, Lycidas, without thy fri
gether let us ſeek the chearful pla
d lead the dance among the ſportiv
:oid of care.

LAURA.

—Or elſe the groves diſdain
with the ſylvan walk indulge thy
: to the town; there (I have oft' l
courtly nymph her treſſes binds wi
ptivate the youths; the youths ap
: array; in ringlets waves their ha
vith ambroſial ſcents, the fair to n
'l the buſineſs of the day is love.
from the gaudy train ſelect a dame
lling glance ſhall catch an equal fl

LYCID.

Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more upbraid!
Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aſide.*

Dione *and* Laura *apart.*

DIONE.

Hark! how reflection wakes his conſcious heart.
From my pale lids the trickling ſorrows ſtart.
How ſhall my breaſt the ſwelling ſighs confine!

LAURA.

O ſmooth thy brow, conceal our juſt deſign:
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief ariſe,
And force a paſſage through thy guſhing eyes,
Quickly retire, thy ſorrows to compoſe;
Or with a look ſerene diſguiſe thy woes.
[Dione *is going out.* Laura *walks at a diſtance.*

LYCIDAS.

Canſt thou, Alexis, leave me thus diſtreſt?
Where's now the boaſted friendſhip of thy breaſt?
Haſt thou not oft' ſurvey'd the dappled deer
In ſocial herds o'erſpread the paſtures fair?
When opening hounds the warmer ſcent purſue,
And force the deſtin'd victim from the crew,
Oft' he returns, and fain would join the band,
While all their horns the panting wretch withſtand.
Such is thy friendſhip; thus might I confide.

DIONE.

Why wilt thou cenſure what thou ne'er haſt try'd?
Sooner ſhall ſwallows leave their callow brood,
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food;

Sooner ſhall hens expoſe their infant care,
When the ſpread kite fails wheeling in the air;
Than I forſake thee when by danger preſt.
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breaſt.

LYCIDAS.

If thy fair-ſpoken tongue thy boſom ſhows,
There let the ſecrets of my ſoul repoſe.

DIONE.

Far be ſuſpicion; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

LYCIDAS.

Know then, Alexis, that in vain I ſtrove
To break her chain, and free my ſoul from love:
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in the clammy ſtrings.
The ſlow-pac'd days have witneſs'd my deſpair,
Upon my weary couch ſits wakeful care;
Down my fluſh'd cheek the flowing ſorrows run,
As dews deſcend to weep the abſent ſun.
O loſt Parthenia!

DIONE,

—Theſe wild thoughts ſuſpend;
And in thy kind commands inſtruct thy friend.

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er my faultering tongue would urge my cauſe,
Deaf is her ear, and ſullen ſhe withdraws.
Go then, Alexis; ſeek the ſcornful maid,
In tender eloquence my ſufferings plead;

O

Of ſlighted paſſion you the pangs have known;
O judge my ſecret anguiſh by your own!

DIONE.

Had I the ſkill inconſtant hearts to move,
My longing ſoul had never loſt my Love.
My feeble tongue, in theſe ſoft arts untry'd,
Can ill ſupport the thunder of her pride;
When he ſhall bid me to thy bower repair,
How ſhall my trembling lips her threats declare!
How ſhall I tell thee that ſhe could behold,
With brow ſerene, thy corſe all pale and cold
Beat on the daſhing billow? Should'ſt thou go
Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
Near thee the tyrant could unpitying ſtand,
Nor call thee back, nor ſtretch a ſaving hand.
Wilt thou then ſtill perſiſt to tempt thy fate,
To feed her pride, and gratify her hate?

LYCIDAS.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
Oft' ſhifts her paſſions, like th' inconſtant wind;
Sudden ſhe rages, like the troubled main,
Now ſinks the ſtorm, and all is calm again.
Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
And the ſoft tale ſhall glide into her heart.

DIONE.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
And never hear the tender voice of love.
Let her awhile, neglected by the ſwain,
Paſs by, nor ſigh moleſt the chearful plain:

Thus

Thus ſhall the fury of her pride be laid;
Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

LYCIDAS.

Vain are attempts my paſſion to control.
Is this the balm to cure my fainting ſoul?

DIONE.

Deep then among the green-wood ſhades I 'll rove,
And ſeek with weary'd pace thy wander'd Love;
Proſtrate I 'll fall, and with inceſſant prayers
Hang on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears.
If ſighs of pity can her ear incline,
(O Lycidas, my life is wrapt in thine!) [*Aſide.*
I 'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale,
Thy voice more ſweet than notes along the vale
Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving ſtrain
Shall ſtay her flight, and conquer her diſdain.
Yet if ſhe hear; ſhould Love the meſſage ſpeed,
Then dies all hope;—then muſt Dione bleed. [*Aſide.*

LYCIDAS.

Haſte then, dear faithful ſwain. Beneath thoſe yews,
Whoſe ſable arms the browneſt ſhade diffuſe,
Where all around, to ſhun the fervent ſky,
The panting flocks in ferny thickets lie;
There with impatience ſhall I wait my friend,
O'er the wide proſpect frequent glances ſend
To ſpy thy wiſh'd return. As thou ſhalt find
A tender welcome, may thy Love be kind!

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

DIONE, LAURA.

DIONE.

Methinks I 'm now ſurrounded by deſpair,
And all my withering hopes are loſt in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempeſts blow,
With hollow blaſts the claſhing branches bend;
And yellow ſhowers of ruſtling leaves deſcend;
She ſees the friendly ſhelter from her fly,
Nor dare her little pinions truſt the ſky;
But on the naked ſpray in wintery air,
All ſhivering, hopeleſs, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? raſh, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wiſhes are betray'd!
[Laura *advances.*

LAURA.

Why walk'ſt thou thus diſturb'd with frantic air?
Why roll thy eyes with madneſs and deſpair?

DIONE. [*Muſing.*

How wilt thou bear to ſee her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph ſhall bid thee ſay,
"Let not the ſhepherd ſeek the ſilent grave,
"Say, that I bid him live — if hope can ſave!"

LAURA.

Hath he diſcern'd thee through the ſwain's diſguiſe,
And now alike thy love and friendſhip flies?

DIONE

DIONE.

DIONE.

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promiſe made,
I 'll range each ſunny hill, each lawn and glade.

LAURA.

'Tis Laura ſpeaks. O calm your troubled mind

DIONE.

Where ſhall my ſearch this envy'd Beauty find?
I 'll go, my faithleſs ſhepherd's cauſe to plead,
And with my tears accuſe the rival maid.
Yet, ſhould her ſoften'd heart to love incline!

LAURA.

If thoſe are all thy fears, Evander 's thine.

DIONE.

Why ſhould we both in ſorrow waſte our days?
If love unfeign'd my conſtant boſom ſways,
His happineſs alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in Parthenia's eyes.
Haſte then, with earneſt zeal her love implore,
To bleſs his hours—when thou ſhalt breathe no

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Dione *lying on the ground by the ſide of a Fountain.*

DIONE.

HERE let me reſt; and in the liquid glaſs
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are Parthenia's ſtriking beauties priz'd?
And why Dione's weaker glance deſpis'd?
Nature in various moulds has beauty caſt,
And form'd the feature for each different taſte:
This ſighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloſs of ſable treſſes, dies.
Let all mankind theſe locks, theſe eyes deteſt,
So I were lovely in Evander's breaſt!
When o'er the garden's knot we caſt our view,
While ſummer paints the ground with various hue;
Some praiſe the gaudy tulip's ſtreaky red,
And ſome the ſilver lily's bending head;
Some the jonquil in ſhining yellow dreſt,
And ſome the fring'd carnation's varied veſt;
Some love the ſober violet's purple dyes.
Thus beauty fares in different lovers' eyes.
But bright Parthenia like the roſe appears,
She in all eyes ſuperior luſtre bears.

SCENE

SCENE II.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why thus beneath the ſilver willow laid,
Weeps fair Dione in the penſive ſhade?
Haſt thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards Parthenia from the ſultry hour?

DIONE.

With weary ſtep in paths unknown I ſtray'd,
And ſought in vain the ſolitary maid.

LAURA.

Seeſt thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whoſe aged arms imbrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And waſh the ſoil from the big roots below;
From the tall rock the daſhing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the ruſhing billows ſound!
There, loſt in thought, and leaning on her crook,
Stood the ſad nymph, nor rais'd her penſive look;
With ſettled eye the bubbling waves ſurvey'd,
And watch'd the whirling eddies as they play'd.

DIONE.

Thither to know my certain doom I ſpeed,
For by this ſentence life or death 's decreed. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

LAURA.

But ſee! ſome haſty ſtranger bends this way;
His broider'd veſt reflects the ſunny ray:
Now through the thinner boughs I mark his mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker ſhades he moves unſeen.
Hither he turns; I hear a muttering ſound;
Behind this reverend oak with ivy bound
Quick I 'll retire; with buſy thought poſſeſt,
His tongue betrays the ſecrets of his breaſt.

[*She hides herſelf.*

CLEANTHES.

The ſkilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The ſubtle fox (who breathes the weary hound
O'er hills and plains) in diſtant brakes is found;
With eaſe we track ſwift hinds and ſkipping roes.
But who th' inconſtant ways of woman knows?
They ſay, ſhe wanders with the ſylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wiſh without offence,
Nor bluſh the nymphs; — for Love is innocence.
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the ſlope hills the warbling voice repeat.
Perhaps on daiſy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her ſide ſome rival clown is laid.

Yet,

Yet, yet I love her. — O loſt nymph return,
Let not thy fire with tears inceſſant mourn;
Return, loſt nymph; bid ſorrow ceaſe to flow,
And let Dione glad the houſe of woe.

LAURA.

Call'd he not loſt Dione? hence I 'll ſtart,
Croſs his ſlow ſteps, and ſift his opening heart. [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandering way;
Where, in cloſe bowers, to ſhun the ſultry ray,
Repoſe the ſwains; whoſe flocks with bleating fill
The bordering foreſt and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join thoſe ſylvan bands,
Thyſelf can anſwer what my ſoul demands.

LAURA.

Seven years I trod theſe fields, theſe bowers, and glades,
And by the leſſening and the lengthening ſhades
Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to lead
To ſunny mountains, or the watery mead:
Train'd in the labours of the ſylvan crew,
Their ſports, retreats, their cares and loves I knew.

CLEANTHES.

Inſtruct me then, if late among your race,
A ſtranger nymph is found, of noble grace,
In rural arts unſkill'd, no charge ſhe tends;
Nor when the morn and evening dew deſcends
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dreſs
The poliſh'd manners of the Court confeſs.

LAURA.

Each day arrive the neighbouring nymphs and ſw
To ſhare the paſtime of our jovial plains;
How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race!

CLEANTHES.

If yet ſhe breathe, what tortures muſt ſhe find!
The curſe of diſobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breaſt with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you ſorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
Tell her, I charge you, with inceſſant groans
Her drooping ſire his abſent child bemoans.

LAURA.

Unhappy man!

CLEANTHES.

— With ſtorms of paſſion toſt,
When firſt he learnt his vagrant child was loſt,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow boſom rung;
Then up he ſtarted, and with fixt ſurprize,
Upon her picture threw his frantick eyes,
While thus he cry'd: "In her my life was bound
"Warm in each feature is her mother found!
"Perhaps deſpair has been her fatal guide,
"And now ſhe floats upon the weeping tide;
"Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
"All pale and cold ſhe wavers in the wind.
"Did I not force her hence by harſh commands?
"Did not her ſoul abhor the nuptial bands?"

LAU

LAURA.

Teach not, ye ſires, your daughters to rebel.
By counſel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

CLEANTHES.

Ye duteous daughters, truſt theſe tender guides;
Nor think a parent's breaſt the tyrant hides.

LAURA.

From either lid the ſcalding ſorrows roll;
The moving tale ſuits thrilling to my ſoul.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps ſhe wanders in the lonely woods;
Or on the ſedgy borders of the floods;
Thou know'ſt each cottage, foreſt, hill, and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.
Search each ſequeſter'd dell to find the fair;
And juſt reward ſhall gratify thy care.

LAURA.

O ye kind boughs, protect the virgin's flight,
And guard Dione from his prying ſight! [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

Mean while, I'll ſeek the ſhepherd's cool abodes,
Point me, fair nymph, along theſe doubtful roads.

LAURA.

Seeſt thou yon' mountain rear his ſhaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There every gale with warbling muſic floats,
Shade anſwers ſhade, and breathes alternate notes.
[*Exit* Cleanthes.

He 's gone; and to the diſtant vale is ſent,
Nor ſhall his force Dione's love prevent.
But ſee, ſhe comes again with haſty pace,
And conſcious pleaſure dimples on her face.

SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

DIONE.

I found her laid beſide the cryſtal brook,
Nor rais'd ſhe from the ſtream her ſettled look,
Till near her ſide I ſtood; her head ſhe rears,
Starts ſudden, and her ſhrieks confeſs her fears.

LAURA.

Did not thy words her thoughtful ſoul ſurprize,
And kindle ſparkling anger in her eyes?

DIONE.

Thus ſhe reply'd, with rage and ſcorn poſſeſt.
" Will importuning love ne'er give me reſt?
" Why am I thus in deſerts wild purſu'd,
" Like guilty conſciences when ſtain'd with blood?
" Sure boding ravens, from the blaſted oak,
" Shall learn the name of Lycidas to croak,
" To ſound it in my ears! As ſwains paſs by,
" With look aſkance, they ſhake their heads and cry,
" Lo! this is ſhe for whom the ſhepherd dy'd!
" Soon Lycidas, a victim to her pride,
" Shall ſeek the grave; and in the glimmering glade,
" With look all pale, ſhall glide the reſtleſs ſhade

" Of the poor ſwain; while we w
" And briſtled hair the fleeting pl
Still let their curſes innocence upb
Heaven never will forſake the virt

LAURA.

Didſt thou perſiſt to touch her ha

DIONE.

She ſtill the more diſdain'd, the r

LAURA.

When you were gone, theſe wall
He turn'd through every path, ar
To me he came; with courteous
Beneath what bowers repos'd the
Then further aſks me, if among
A ſhepherdeſs was found of cour
With proffer'd bribes my faithfu
But for no bribe the faithful ton
In me Dione 's ſafe. Far hence
Where other hills reſound with

DIONE.

Should he come back; Suſpicion
Might trace my feature through
Now every noiſe and whiſtling w
And in each ſound approaches h

LAURA.

He ſaid, he left your houſe invol
Sighs ſwell'd each breaſt, each eye
For his loſt child thy penſive fath
And ſunk in ſorrow to the duſt

Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,
And ſtill the ſighs that tear his anxious heart.
Soon ſhall Evander, wearied with diſdain,
Forego theſe fields, and ſeek the town again.

DIONE.

Think, Laura, what thy haſty thoughts perſuade.
If I return, to Love a victim made,
My wrathful ſire will force his harſh command,
And with Cleanthes join my trembling hand.

LAURA.

Truſt a fond father; raiſe him from deſpair.

DIONE.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care.
On the high nuptials of the Court look round;
Where ſhall, alas, one happy pair be found!
There marriage is for ſervile intereſt ſought:
Is love for wealth or power or title bought?
'Tis hence domeſtic jars their peace deſtroy,
And looſe adultery ſteals the ſhameful joy.
But ſearch we wide o'er all the bliſsful plains,
Where love alone, devoid of intereſt, reigns.
What concord in each happy pair appears!
How fondneſs ſtrengthens with the rolling years!
Superior power ne'er thwarts their ſoft delights,
Nor jealous accuſations wake their nights.

LAURA.

May all theſe bleſſings on Dione fall.

DIONE.

Grant me Evander, and I ſhare them all.

Shall

DIO

Shall a fond parent give perp
And doom his child to be a v
Though he bequeath'd me al
And all the flocks the ruſſet
With all the golden harveſts
Far as where yonder purple
Can theſe the broils of nupti
Can theſe, without Evander,
But ſee, he comes.

EAU

—I 'll to
Where wanders by the ſtrea
Mayſt thou the rage of this
And wake Dione in his tend

SCE N

DIONE, I

LYC

Say, my Alexis, can thy wo
Kind rays of hope to chear
How didſt thou firſt my pan
Did her diſdainful brow con
Or did ſoft pity in her boſon
Heave on her breaſt, and la

DIO

How ſhall my tongue the fau
My heart drops blood to give

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmoſt ſcorn; I come prepar'd
To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd?

DIONE.

Why ſhould thy fate depend on woman's will!
Forget this tyrant, and be happy ſtill.

LYCIDAS.

Didſt thou beſeech her not to ſpeed her flight,
Nor ſhun with wrathful glance my hated ſight?
Will ſhe conſent my ſighing plaint to hear,
Nor let my piercing cries be loſt in air?

DIONE.

Can mariners appeaſe the toſſing ſtorm,
When foaming waves the yawning deep deform?
When o'er the ſable cloud the thunder flies,
Say, who ſhall calm the terror of the ſkies?
Who ſhall the lion's famiſh'd roar aſſuage?
And can we ſtill proud woman's ſtronger rage?
Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
Sudden her glances ſhot reſentful flame:
Be dumb, ſhe cries, this whining love give o'er,
And vex me with the teazing theme no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her ſcorn.
Can the mean ſwain, in humble cottage born,
Can Poverty that haughty heart obtain,
Where avarice and ſtrong ambition reign?
If Poverty paſs by in tatter'd coat,
Curs vex his heels and ſtretch their barking throat;

If

If chance he mingle in the female croud,
Pride toſſes high her head, Scorn laughs aloud;
Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
And wonders at the impudence of Want.
'Tis vanity that rules all woman-kind,
Love is the weakeſt paſſion of their mind.

DIONE.

Though one is by thoſe ſervile views poſſeſt,
O Lycidas, condemn not all the reſt.

LYCIDAS.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
And ſeventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs;
Yet, if my olive branches dropt with oil,
And crooked ſhares were brighten'd in my ſoil,
If lowing herds my fattening meads poſſeſt,
And my white fleece the tawny mountain dreſt;
Then would ſhe lure me with love-darting glance,
Then with fond mercenary ſmiles advance.
Though hell with every vice my ſoul had ſtain'd,
And froward anger in my boſom reign'd,
Though avarice my coffers cloath'd in ruſt,
And my joints trembled with enfeebled luſt;
Yet, were my ancient name with titles great,
How would ſhe languiſh for the gaudy bait!
If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
What virtuous woman can her heart defend?

DIONE.

Conqueſts, thus meanly bought, men ſoon deſpiſe,
And juſtly ſlight the mercenary prize.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

I know theſe frailties in her breaſt reſide;
Direct her glance, and every action guide.
Still let Alexis' faithful friendſhip aid,
Once more attempt to bend the ſtubborn maid.
Tell her, no baſe-born ſwain provokes her ſcorn,
No clown, beneath the ſedgy cottage born;
Tell her, for her this ſylvan dreſs I took,
For her my name and pomp of Courts forſook;
My lofty roofs with golden ſculpture ſhine,
And my high birth deſcends from ancient line.

DIONE.

Love is a ſacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaſte deſire.
Who think's true love for lucre to poſſeſs,
Shall graſp falſe flattery and the feign'd careſs;
Can we believe that mean, that ſervile wife,
Who vilely ſells her dear-bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour reſign,
If in her ſight the proffer'd treaſure ſhine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reaſon (when by winds ſwift fires are born
O'er waving harveſts of autumnal corn)
The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then ſhall reaſon with a heart in love?

DIONE.

Yet let me ſpeak; O may my words perſuade
The noble youth to quit this ſylvan maid!
Reſign thy crook, no more to plains reſort,
Look round on all the beauties of the Court;

There ſhall thy merit find a worthy
Some nymph of equal wealth and e
Think, if theſe offers ſhould thy w
And ſhould the ruſtick beauty ſtoo
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' t
The ſudden blaze would in one yea
Then thy raſh folly thou too late ſh
To Poverty and baſe-born blood al
Her vulgar tongue ſhall animate th
And hourly diſcord vex thy future

LYCIDAS.

Such is the force thy faithful word
That like the galling goad they pie
You think fair virtue in my breaſt
That honeſt truth my lips and acti
Deluded ſhepherd, could you view
You 'd ſee it with deceit and treacl
I 'm baſe, perfidious. Ere from C
Love ſingled from the train a beau
The tender maid my fervent vows
My fervent vows the tender maid
Why doſt thou tremble?—why th
Why ſteal thy ſilent ſorrows from

DIONE.

Sure the ſoft lamb hides rage with
And cooing turtles are with hate
When from ſo ſweet a tongue flov
And thoſe meek looks a perjur'd

Ah! who ſhall now on faithleſs ma
The treacherous lover proves as falſ

LYCIDAS.

When with Dione's love my boſom
Firm conſtancy and truth ſincere I v
But ſince Parthenia's brighter charm
My love, my conſtancy and truth a

DIONE.

Are not thy hours with conſcious an
Swift vengeance muſt o'ertake the pe
The Gods the cauſe of injur'd love
And arm with ſtubborn pride Parthe

LYCIDAS.

Go, try her; tempt her with my bir
Stronger ambition will ſubdue her h

DIONE.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that h
Whoſe hourly ſighs thy faithleſs oat
Think you behold her at the dead of
Plac'd by the glimmering taper's pal
With all your letters ſpread before h
While trickling tears the tender line
Sobbing ſhe reads the perjuries o'er
And her long nights know peaceful

LYCIDAS.

Let me forget her.

DIONE.

O falſe youth, relent;
Think ſhould Parthenia to thy hopes conſent;
When Hymen joins your hands, and muſick's voice
Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoice,
Then ſhall Dione force the crouded hall,
Kneel at thy feet, and loud for juſtice call:
Could you behold her weltering on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound?
Could you, unmov'd, this dreadful ſight ſurvey?
Such fatal ſcenes ſhall ſtain the bridal day.

LYCIDAS.

The horrid thought ſinks deep into my ſoul,
And down my cheek unwilling ſorrows roll.

DIONE.

From this new flame you may as yet recede.
Or have you doom'd that guiltleſs maid ſhall bleed?

LYCIDAS.

Name her no more.—Haſte, ſeek the ſylvan Fair.

DIONE.

Should the rich proffer tempt her liſtening ear,
Bid all your peace adieu. O barbarous youth,
Can you forego your honour, love, and truth?
Yet ſhould Parthenia wealth and title ſlight,
Would juſtice then reſtore Dione's right?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears;
And bleſs with honeſt love your future years?

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

I 'll in yon ſhade thy wiſh'd return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy ſighing friend.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

DIONE.

Should her proud ſoul reſiſt the tempting bait,
Should ſhe contemn his proffer'd wealth and ſtate;
Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his boſom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears,
All trembling in the judgement-hall appears;
So ſhall I ſtand before Parthenia's eyes,
For as ſhe dooms, Dione lives or dies.

ACT

ACT

SCENE I

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, *asle*

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the ruſtling
Breathe ſoft, ye ſilent gales,
Ye Shepherds, piping homeward on t
Let not the diſtant echoes learn your l
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warl
May no loud ſhake prolong the ſhrille
Leſt ſhe awake; O Sleep, ſecure her e
That I may gaze; for, if ſhe wake, ſt
While eaſy dreams compoſe her peace
What anxious cares within my boſom
If tir'd with ſighs beneath the beech I
And languid ſlumber cloſe my weepin
Her lovely viſion riſes to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and ſwift woul
I ſtrive to call, my tongue has loſt its
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumb'd
Struggling I wake. Again my ſorro
And not one flattering dream deludes
What innocence! how meek is every
How ſweet the ſmile that dimples on
Calm as the ſleeping ſeas! but ſhould
Too rudely breathe, what angry ſtorr

Though the fair roſe with beauteous bluſh is ci
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach, that with inviting crimſon blooms,
Deep at the heart the cankering worm conſume
'Tis thus, alas! thoſe lovely features hide
Diſdain and anger and reſentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Hath proffer'd greatneſs yet o'ercome her hate?
And does ſhe languiſh for the glittering bait?
Againſt the ſwain ſhe might her pride ſupport.
Can ſhe ſubdue her ſex, and ſcorn a Court?
Perhaps in dreams the ſhining viſion charms,
And the rich bracelet ſparkles on her arms;
In fancy'd heaps the golden treaſure glows:
Parthenia, wake; all this thy ſwain beſtows.

DIONE.

Sleeps ſhe in theſe cloſe bowers?

LYCIDAS.

—Lo! there ſhe lies.

DIONE.

O may no ſtartling ſound unſeal her eyes,
And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.

Hence, Lycidas; beyond thoſe ſhades repoſe,
While I thy fortune and thy birth diſcloſe.

LYCIDAS.

May I Parthenia to the friendſhip owe?

DIONE.

O rather think on loſt Dione's woe!
Muſt ſhe thy broken faith for ever mourn,
And will that juſter paſſion ne'er return?

LYCIDAS.

Upbraid me not; but go. Her ſlumbers chace;
And in her view the bright temptation place.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

DIONE.

Now flames the weſtern ſky with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quivering ſtreams;
Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their food,
Now ſeek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender graſs with dewy cryſtal bends,
And gathering vapour from the heath aſcends.
Shake off this downy reſt; wake, gentle maid,
Truſt not thy charms beneath the noxious ſhade.
Parthenia, riſe.

PARTHENIA.

—What voice alarms my ear?
Away. Approach not. Hah! Alexis there!
Let us together to the vales deſcend,
And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
But let me hear no more that ſhepherd's name,
Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

DIONE.

Can I behold him gaſping on the ground,
And ſeek no healing herb to ſtaunch the wound?
For thee continual ſighs conſume his heart,
'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding ſmart.
Once more I come the moving cauſe to plead,
If ſtill his ſufferings cannot intercede,
Yet let my friendſhip do his paſſion right,
And ſhow thy lover in his native light.

PARTHENIA.

Why in dark myſtery are thy words involv'd?
If Lycidas you mean; know, I'm reſolv'd.

DIONE.

Let not thy kindling rage my words reſtrain.
Know then, Parthenia ſlights no vulgar ſwain.
For thee he bears the ſcrip and ſylvan crook,
For thee the glories of a Court forſook.
May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
His honours, his poſſeſſions, all are thine.

PARTHENIA.

If he's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware;
Thoſe who moſt promiſe are the leaſt ſincere.

The

The quick-ey'd hawk ſhoots headl
And in his pounces bears the trem
The pilfering wolf o'erleaps the fold
But the falſe Courtier preys on innoc
If he 's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, b
Thoſe who moſt promiſe are the leaſt

DIONE.

Alas! thou ne'er haſt prov'd the ſwe
Nor known that female pleaſure, to
'Tis for the town ripe cluſters load t
And all our Autumn crowns the Co
For him our woods the red-ey'd phe
And annual coveys in our harveſt fe
For him with fruit the bending bran
Plenty pours all her bleſſings on his
If (when the market to the city call
We chance to paſs beſide his palace-
Does not his hall with muſick's voice
And the floor tremble with the dancer
Such are the pleaſures Lycidas ſhall g
When thy relenting boſom bids him li

PARTHENIA.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from ſpray
Who ſings a farewel to the parting da
At large he flies o'er hill and dale and
Is not each buſh, each ſpreading tree
And canſt thou think he 'll quit his n
For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with g
What then are honours, pomp and g
Are thoſe a price to purchaſe liberty!

DIONE.

Think, when the Hymeneal torch sh
And on the solemn rites the virgins g
When thy fair locks with glittering
And the bright zone shall sparkle ro
How will their hearts with envious s
When Lycidas shall join his hand to

PARTHENIA.

And yet, Alexis, all that pomp and
Are oft' the varnish of internal woe.
When the chaste lamb is from her fl
And interwoven garlands paint her h
The gazing flock, all envious of her
Behold her skipping by the Priestess'
Each hopes the flowery wreath with
While she, alas! is led to sacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her state
The gaze and envy of each thoughtl

DIONE.

As yet her tongue resists the temptin
And guards my panting bosom from
Can thy strong soul this noble flame
Must such a lover waste his life in w

PARTHENIA.

Tell him, his gifts I scorn; not all
Not all his flattery shall seduce my h
Courtiers, I know, are disciplin'd to
Their infant lips are taught to lisp d

To prey on eaſy nymphs they range the ſhade,
And vainly boaſt of innocence betray'd;
Chaſte hearts, unlearn'd in falſehood, they aſſail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.
No. Lycidas ſhall ne'er my peace deſtroy,
I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

DIONE.

So ſtrong a paſſion in my boſom burns,
Whene'er his ſoul is griev'd, Alexis mourns!
Canſt thou this importuning ardor blame?
Would not thy tongue for friendſhip urge the ſame?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, blooming ſwain. You ſhow an honeſt mind;
I ſee it, with the pureſt flame refin'd.
Who ſhall compare love's mean and groſs deſire
To the chaſte zeal of friendſhip's ſacred fire?
By whining love our weakneſs is confeſt;
But ſtronger friendſhip ſhows a virtuous breaſt.
In Folly's heart the ſhort-liv'd blaze may glow,
Wiſdom alone can purer friendſhip know.
Love is a ſudden blaze which ſoon decays,
Friendſhip is like the ſun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhauſt the flame,
It ſtill is giving, and ſtill burns the ſame;
And could Alexis from his ſoul remove
All the low images of groſſer love;
Such mild, ſuch gentle looks thy heart declare,
Fain would my breaſt thy faithful friendſhip ſhare.

DIONE.

How dare you in the different ſex confide?
And ſeek a friendſhip which you ne'er have try'd?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
From thy chaſte eye no wanton glances dart;
Thy modeſt lips convey no thought impure,
With thee may ſtricteſt virtue walk ſecure.

DIONE.

Yet can I ſafely on the nymph depend,
Whoſe unrelenting ſcorn can kill my friend?

PARTHENIA.

Acquſe me not, who act a generous part;
Had I, like city maids, a fraudful heart,
Then had his proffers taught my ſoul to feign,
Then had I vilely ſtoopt to fordid gain,
Then had I ſigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
And for unhappy chains my freedom ſold.
If you would ſave him, bid him leave the plain,
And to his native city turn again;
There, ſhall his paſſion find a ready cure,
There not one dame reſiſts the glittering lure.

DIONE.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
Alas! thou only canſt aſſuage his pain!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS. [*Liſtening.*

Why ſtays Alexis? can my boſom bear
Thus long alternate ſtorms of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow diſguiſe,
But love conſenting ſparkles in her eyes;
Here will I liſten, here, impatient wait.
Spare me, Parthenia, and reſign thy hate. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

When Lycidas ſhall to the Court repair,
Still let Alexis love his fleecy care;
Still let him chuſe cool grots and ſylvan bowers,
And let Parthenia ſhare his peaceful hours.

LYCIDAS.

What do I hear? my friendſhip is betray'd;
The treacherous rival has ſeduc'd the maid. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

With thee, where bearded goats deſcend the ſteep,
Or where, like winter's ſnow, the nibbling ſheep
Cloath the ſlope hills; I'll paſs the cheerful day,
And from thy reed my voice ſhall catch the lay.
But ſee, ſtill Evening ſpreads her duſky wings,
The flock, ſlow-moving from the miſty ſprings,

Now

Now ſeek their fold. Come, ſhepherd, let 's away,
To cloſe the lateſt labours of the day.

[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire diſaſters rend?
A ſcornful miſtreſs, and a treacherous friend!
Would ye be cozen'd, more than woman can,
Unlock your boſom to perfidious man.
One faithful woman have theſe eyes beheld,
And againſt her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
But ſearch as far as earth's wide bounds extend,
Where ſhall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

LYCIDAS.

Why ſtarts the ſwain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidſt his path the viper lay?
Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not truſt thee near Parthenia's ſide,
As here ſhe ſlept?

DIONE.

—She ſtraight my call obey'd,
And downy ſlumber left the lovely maid;

As

As [illegible] the folded rose
And all around her breathing odour tl
So wak'd Parthenia.

LYCIDAS.

—Could thy guarded
When her full beauty glow'd, put by
Yet on Alexis let my soul depend;
'Tis most ungenerous to suspect a friend
And thou, I hope, hast well that name

DIONE.

O could thy piercing eye discern my br
Could'st thou the secrets of my bosom s
There every thought is fill'd with cares

LYCIDAS.

Is there, against hypocrisy, defence,
Who cloaths her words and looks with in

Say, shepherd, when you proffer'd wealth
Did not her scorn and suppled pride abate

DIONE.

As sparkling diamonds to the feather'd tr
Who scrape the winnow'd chaff in search
Such to the shepherdess the Court appears
Content she seeks, and spurns those glitter

LYCIDAS.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to despise,
'Tis not from Courts, from me alone she
Did not my passion suffer like disgrace,
While she believ'd me born of sylvan race

Doſt thou not think, this proudeſt of her kind
Has to ſome rival ſwain her heart reſign'd?

DIONE.

No rival ſhepherd her diſdain can move;
Her frozen boſom is averſe to love.

LYCIDAS.

Say, art thou ſure, that this ungrateful fair
Scorns all alike, bids all alike deſpair?

DIONE.

How can I know the ſecrets of her heart?

LYCIDAS.

Anſwer ſincere, nor from the queſtion ſtart.
Say, in her glance was never love confeſt,
And is no ſwain diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?

DIONE.

O Lycidas, bid all thy troubles ceaſe;
Let not a thought on her diſturb thy peace.
May juſtice bid thy former paſſion wake;
Think how Dione ſuffers for thy ſake:
Let not a broken oath thy honour ſtain,
Recall thy vows, and ſeek the town again.

LYCIDAS.

What means Alexis? where's thy friendſhip fl
Why am I baniſh'd to the hateful town?
Hath ſome new ſhepherd warm'd Parthenia's h
And does my love his amorous hours moleſt?
Is it for this thou bid'ſt me quit the plain?
Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'ſt this rival ſwain.

When firſt my cheated ſoul thy friendſhip woo'd,
To my warm heart I took the viperous brood.
O falſe Alexis!

DIONE.

—Why am I accus'd?
Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

LYCIDAS.

Was not thy boſom fraught with falſe deſign?
Didſt thou not plead his cauſe, and give up mine?
Let not thy tongue evaſive anſwer ſeek;
The conſcious crimſon riſes on thy cheek:
Thy coward conſcience, by thy guilt diſmay'd,
Shakes in each joint, and owns that I 'm betray'd.

DIONE.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O ſpare thy friend!

LYCIDAS.

Seek not detected falſehood to defend.

DIONE.

Beware, leſt blind ſuſpicion raſhly blame.

LYCIDAS.

Own thyſelf then the rival of my flame.
If this be ſhe for whom Alexis pin'd,
She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
Behind the thicket's twiſted verdure laid,
I witneſs'd every tender thing ſhe ſaid;
I ſaw bright pleaſure kindle in her eyes,
Love warm'd each feature at thy ſoft replies.

DIONE.

Yet hear me ſpeak.

LYCIDAS.

—In vain is all defence.
Did not thy treacherous hand conduct her hence?
Haſte, from my ſight. Rage burns in every vein;
Never approach my juſt revenge again.

DIONE.

O ſearch my heart; there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

LYCIDAS.

Talk not of Truth; long ſince ſhe left mankind.
So ſmooth a tongue! and yet ſo falſe a heart!
Sure Courts firſt taught thee fawning friendſhip's art!
No. Thou art falſe by nature.

DIONE.

—Let me clear
This heavy charge, and prove my truſt ſincere.

LYCIDAS.

Boaſt then her favours; ſay, what happy hour
Next calls to meet her in th' appointed bower;
Say, when and where you met.

DIONE.

—Be rage ſuppreſt.
In ſtabbing mine, you wound Parthenia's breaſt.
She ſaid, ſhe ſtill defy'd Love's keeneſt dart;
Yet purer friendſhip might divide her heart,
Friendſhip's ſincerer bands ſhe wiſh'd to prove.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

A woman's friendſhip ever ends in love.
Think not theſe fooliſh tales my faith command;
Did not I ſee thee preſs her ſnowy hand?
O may her paſſion like thy friendſhip laſt!
May ſhe betray thee ere a day be paſt!
Hence then. Away. Thou 'rt hateful to my ſight,
And thus I ſpurn the fawning hypocrite.

[*Exit* Lycidas.

SCENE VII.

DIONE.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendſhip wrong'd! my conſtant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my ſteps where'er I go,
And all my days are overcaſt with woe.
Long have I ſtrove th' increaſing load to bear,
Now faints my ſoul, and ſinks into deſpair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whoſe brown cliffs the fowls of darkneſs dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my ſorrows with the tinkling fall.
There ſeek thy grave. How canſt thou bear the light,
When baniſh'd ever from Evander's ſight!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept Evander's vows?

DIONE.

Can I bear life with theſe new pangs oppreſt!
Again he tears me from his faithleſs breaſt:
A perjur'd Lover firſt he ſought theſe plains,
And now my friendſhip like my love diſdains.
As I new offers to Parthenia made,
Conceal'd he ſtood behind the woodbine ſhade.
He ſays, my treacherous tongue his heart betray'd,
That my falſe ſpeeches have miſ-led the maid;
With groundleſs fear he thus his ſoul deceives;
What frenzy dictates, jealouſy believes.

LAURA.

Reſign thy crook, put off this manly veſt,
And let the wrong'd Dione ſtand confeſt;
When he ſhall learn what ſorrows thou haſt born,
And find that nought relents Parthenia's ſcorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

DIONE.

—No, Laura, no.
Should I, alas! the ſylvan dreſs forego,

Thea

Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love inſtructs me to reſent;
Our ſecret enterprize might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of perſecuting love.

LAURA.

Avoid Parthenis; leſt his rage grow warm,
And jealouſy reſolve ſome fatal harm.

DIONE.

O Laura, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful preſence ſeek,
The ſilent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By riſing ſighs my faultering voice be ſtay'd,
And trembling fear too ſoon confeſs the maid.
Haſte, Laura, then; his vengeful ſoul aſſuage,
Tell him, I 'm guiltleſs; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him that truth ſincere my friendſhip brought,
Let him not cheriſh one ſuſpicious thought.
Then, to convince him his diſtruſt was vain,
I 'll never, never ſee that nymph again.
This way he went.

LAURA.

—See, at the call of night,
The ſtar of evening ſheds his ſilver light
High o'er yon weſtern hill: the cooling gales
Freſh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our ſhepherds ſtray,
To cloſe with chearful walk the ſultry day.

Methinks from far I hear the pipin
Hark, in the breeze now swells, n
Thither I 'll seek him.

DIONE.

—While this len
Shall lead me pensive through the
Where on the branches murmur r
Grateful as falling floods to love-s
O may this path to Death's dark v
There only can the wretched hope

DIONE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE, CLEANTHES (*who lies on a part of the ſtage*).

DIONE.

THE moon ſerene now climbs th' ae
See, at her ſight ten thouſand ſtar
With trembling gleam ſhe tips the ſilen
While all beneath the chèquer'd ſhadow
Turn back thy ſilver axles, downward ro
Darkneſs beſt fits the horrors of my ſou
Riſe, riſe, ye clouds; the face of heave
Veil the bright Goddeſs in a ſable ſtorm
O look not down upon a wretched maid
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid
And light his wandering footſteps to the
Where the kind nymph attends th' appoi
Yet thou haſt ſeen unhappy love, like
Did not thy lamp in heaven's blue forehe
When Thiſbe ſought her love along the
Didſt thou not then behold the gleaming
And gild the fatal point that ſtabb'd her
Soon I, like her, ſhall ſeek the realms
Let groves of mournful yew a wretch ſu
O ſooth my ear with melancholy ſound

The village-curs now ſtretch their yelling throat,
And dogs from diſtant cots return the note;
The ravenous wolf along the valley prowls,
And with his famiſh'd cries the mountain howls.
But hark! what ſudden noiſe advances near?
Repeated groans alarm my frighted ear!

CLEANTHES.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the glade.
A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

DIONE.

Say then, unhappy ſtranger, how you bled;
Collect thy ſpirits, raiſe thy drooping head.
[Cleanthes *raiſes himſelf on his arm.*
O horrid ſight! Cleanthes gaſping lies;
And Death's black ſhadows float before his eyes.
Unknown in this diſguiſe, I 'll check my woe,
And learn what bloody hand has ſtruck the blow. [*Aſide.*
Say, youth, ere Fate thy feeble voice confounds,
What led thee hither? whence theſe purple wounds?

CLEANTHES.

Stay, fleeting life; may ſtrength a-while prevail,
Leſt my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale.
Ere the ſtreak'd Eaſt grew warm with amber ray,
I from the city took my doubtful way;
Far o'er the plains I ſought a beauteous maid,
Who, from the Court, in theſe wide foreſts ſtray'd;
Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain,
Try'd every path, and opening glade, in vain;

A band

A band of thieves, forth-ruſhing from the wood,
Unſheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
Deep in my breaſt the barbarous ſteel is dy'd,
And purple hands the golden prey divide.
Hence are theſe mangling wounds. Say, gentle ſwain,
If thou haſt known among the ſylvan train
The vagrant nymph I ſeek?

DIONE.

— What mov'd thy care,
Thus, in theſe pathleſs wilds, to ſearch the fair?

CLEANTHES.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
Ye Naiads, who the moſſy fountains love,
Ye happy ſwains, who range the paſtures wide,
Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beſide;
If my laſt gaſping breath can pity move,
If e'er ye knew the pangs of ſlighted love,
Show her, I charge you, where Cleanthes dy'd;
The graſs yet reeking with the ſanguine tide.
A father's power to me the virgin gave,
But ſhe diſdain'd to live a nuptial ſlave;
So fled her native home.

DIONE.

— 'Tis then from thee
Springs the foul ſource of all her miſery.
Could'ſt thou, thy ſelfiſh appetite to pleaſe,
Condemn to endleſs woes another's peace?

CLEANTHES.

O ſpare me; nor my hapleſs love upbraid,
While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid!
Go, ſeek her, guide her where Cleanthes bled;
When ſhe ſurveys her lover pale and dead,
Tell her, that, ſince ſhe fled my hateful ſight,
Without remorſe I fought the realms of night.
Methinks I ſee her view theſe poor remains,
And on her cheek indecent gladneſs reigns!
Full in her preſence cold Cleanthes lies,
And not one tear ſtands trembling in her eyes!
O let a ſigh my hapleſs fate deplore!
Cleanthes now controls thy love no more.

DIONE.

How ſhall my lids confine theſe riſing woes? [*Aſide.*

CLEANTHES.

O might I ſee her, ere Death's finger cloſe
Theſe eyes for ever! might her ſoften'd breaſt
Forgive my love with too much ardor preſt!
Then I with peace could yield my lateſt breath.

DIONE.

Shall I not calm the fable hour of death,
And ſhew myſelf before him! — Ha! he dies.
See from his trembling lip the ſpirit flies! [*Aſide.*
Stay yet awhile. Dione ſtands confeſt.
He knows me not. He faints, he ſinks to reſt.

CLEANTHES.

Tell her, ſince all my hopes in her were loſt,
That death was welcome — [*Dies.*

DIONE

DIONE.

What ſudden guſts of grief my boſom rend!
A parent's curſes o'er my head impend,
For diſobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Thoſe very vows Evander hath betray'd.
See, at thy feet Cleanthes bath'd in blood!
For love of thee he trod this lonely wood;
Thou art the cruel authoreſs of his fate;
He falls by thine; thou, by Evander's hate.
When ſhall my ſoul know reſt? Cleanthes ſlain
No longer ſighs and weeps for thy diſdain.
Thou ſtill art curſt with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed.
How ſhall a wretch from anxious life be freed!
My troubled brain with ſudden frenzy burns,
And ſhatter'd thought now this, now that way turns.
What do I ſee thus glittering on the plains?
Ha! the dread ſword yet warm with crimſon ſtains!
[*Takes up the dagger.*

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
This path directs me to my ſylvan bower. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

Why is my ſoul with ſudden fear diſmay'd?
Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade?
O ſtring my arm with force! [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

— Methought a noiſe
Broke through the ſilent air, like human voice. [*A*

DIONE.

One well-aim'd blow ſhall all my pangs remove,
Graſp firm the fatal ſteel, and ceaſe to love. [*Aſ*

PARTHENIA.

Sure 'twas Alexis. Ha! a ſword diſplay'd!
The ſtreaming luſtre darts acroſs the ſhade. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

May Heaven new vigour to my ſoul impart,
And guide the deſperate weapon to my heart! [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

May I the meditated death arreſt! [*Holds* Dione's *hand.*
Strike not, raſh ſhepherd; ſpare thy guiltleſs breaſt.
O give me ſtrength to ſtay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

DIONE.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my woe.
O may not thus th' expected ſtroke impend!
Unlooſe thy graſp, and let ſwift death deſcend.
But if yon' murder thy red hands hath dy'd;
Here. Pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[Dione *quits the dagger.*

PARTHENIA.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes:
My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.

Turn

Turn then, Alexis; and Parthenia know,
'Tis ſhe protects thee from the fatal blow.

DIONE.

Muſt the night-watches by my ſighs be told?
And muſt theſe eyes another morn behold
Through dazling floods of tears? Ungenerous maid,
The friendly ſtroke is by thy hand delay'd;
Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
'Tis but to torture me with lingering death.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
Whence are theſe gnawing pangs that tear thy heart?
Is that thy friend who lies before thee ſlain?
Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain?
Is 't Lycidas?

DIONE.

— No. I the ſtranger found,
Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
He ſaid; "As at the roſy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murdering band pour'd on him from the wood,
Firſt ſeiz'd his gold, then bath'd their ſwords in blood."

PARTHENIA.

You, whoſe ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the ſhepherd's paths; when ſober Even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of Heaven,
From danger free, through deſerts wild he hies,
The riſing ſmoke far o'er the mountain ſpies,

Which

Which marks his diſtant cottage; on h
For him no murderers lay their nightly
They paſs him by, they turn their ſteps
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey
At home he lies ſecure in eaſy ſleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagge
And drag him to detect the buried gold
Nor ſtarts he from his couch aghaſt and
When the door murmurs with the hollo
While he, whoſe iron coffers ruſt with
Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and S
Treachery with lurking pace frequents
And cloſe behind him horrid Murder ſt
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain b
There lies a bleeding ſacrifice to gold.

DIONE.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of
Had you not ruſh'd between, my life ha
And I, like him, no more had ſorrow k

PARTHENIA.

When anguiſh in the gloomy boſom dw
The counſel of a friend the cloud diſpel
Give thy breaſt vent, the ſecret grief im
And ſay what woe lies heavy at thy hea
To ſave thy life, kind Heaven has ſucco
The gods by me thy threaten'd fate pre

DIONE.

No. To prevent it, is beyond thy power;
Thou only canſt defer the welcome hour.
When you the lifted dagger turn'd aſide,
Only one road to death thy force deny'd;
Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
Deep in whoſe ſhadow craggy ruins lie,
Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
And daſh out life againſt the flints below?
Are there not ſtreams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
Where my laſt breath may bubble on the tide?
No. Life ſhall never flatter me again,
Nor ſhall to-morrow bring new ſighs and pain.

PARTHENIA.

Can I this burthen of thy ſoul relieve,
And calm thy grief?

DIONE.

— If thou wilt comfort give,
Plight me thy word, and to that word be juſt;
When poor Alexis ſhall be laid in duſt,
That pride no longer ſhall command thy mind,
That thou wilt ſpare the friend I leave behind.
I know his virtue worthy of thy breaſt.
Long in thy love may Lycidas be bleſt!

PARTHENIA.

That ſwain (who would my liberty control,
To pleaſe ſome ſhort-liv'd tranſport of his ſoul)
Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
That 'tis not me, himſelf alone he loves.

O live,

O live, nor leave him by misfortune preſt:
'Tis ſhameful to deſert a friend diſtreſt.

DIONE.

Alas! a wretch like me no loſs would prove,
Would kind Parthenia liſten to his love.

PARTHENIA.

Why hides thy boſom this myſterious grief?
Eaſe thy o'erburthen'd heart, and hope relief.

DIONE.

What profits it to touch thy tender breaſt,
With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redreſt?
Let in my heart the fatal ſecret die,
Nor call up ſorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

If Laura right direct the darkſome ways,
Along theſe paths the penſive ſhepherd ſtrays. [*Aſide.*

DIONE.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek.
O would my throbbing ſighs my heart-ſtrings break!
Why was my breaſt the lifted ſtroke deny'd?
Muſt then again the deathful deed be try'd?
Yes. 'Tis reſolv'd.
[*Snatches the dagger from* Parthenia.

PARTHE-

PARTHENIA.

— Ah, hold; forbear, forbear!

LYCIDAS.

Methought Diſtreſs with ſhrieks alarm'd my ear.

PARTHENIA.

Strike not. Ye gods, defend him from the wound!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Tis Parthenia's voice, I know the ſound.
Some ſylvan raviſher would force the maid,
And Laura ſent me to her virtue's aid.
Die, villain, die; and ſeek the ſhades below.

[Lycidas *ſnatches the dagger from* Dione, *and ſtabs her.*

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I bleſs thee for the blow.

LYCIDAS.

Since Heaven ordain'd this arm thy life ſhould guard,
O hear my vows! be love the juſt reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let vengeance, with her ſwifteſt ſpeed,
O'ertake thy flight, and recompence the deed!
Why ſtays the thunder in the upper ſky?
Gather, ye clouds; ye forky lightnings, fly:
On thee may all the wrath of Heaven deſcend,
Whoſe barbarous hand hath ſlain a faithful friend.
Behold Alexis!

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

—Would that treacherous boy
Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
What rouz'd his paſſion to this bold advance?
Did e'er thy eyes confeſs one willing glance?
I know, the faithleſs youth his truſt betray'd;
And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

DIONE. [*Raiſing herſelf on her arm.*

Breaks not Evander's voice along the glade?
Ha! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
There needed not or poiſon, ſword, or dart;
Thy faithleſs vows, alas! had broke my heart. [*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

O tremble, ſhepherd, for thy raſh offence,
The ſword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
His gentle ſoul no brutal paſſion ſeiz'd,
Nor at my boſom was the dagger rais'd;
Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
Whelm'd in deſpair, and ſtay'd the falling wound.

DIONE.

Into what miſchiefs is the lover led,
Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
O may he ne'er bewail this deſperate deed,
And may, unknown, unwept, Dione bleed! [*Aſide.*

LYCIDAS.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend!
His conſcience had reveng'd an injur'd friend,
Hadſt thou not held the ſtroke. In death he fought
To loſe the heart-conſuming pain of thought.

Did

Did not the ſmooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
Plead his own paſſion, and betray my love?

DIONE.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
Leſt his raſh tranſport, to revenge the blow,
Should in his dearer heart the dagger ſtain!
That wound would pierce my ſoul with double pain.
[*Aſide.*

PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendſhip true?
Then I 'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, ſpeak; uncloſe thoſe lids again.
[*Flings himſelf on the ground near* Dione.
See at thy feet the barbarous villain kneel!
'Tis Lycidas who graſps the bloody ſteel,
Thy once-lov'd friend.—Yet, ere I ceaſe to live,
Canſt thou a wretched penitent forgive?

DIONE.

When low beneath the ſable mould I reſt,
May a ſincerer friendſhip ſhare thy breaſt!
Why are thoſe heaving groans? (ah! ceaſe to weep!)
May my loſt name in dark oblivion ſleep;
Let this ſad tale no ſpeaking ſtone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.

Let o'er my grave the leveling plough-ſhare paſs,
Mark not the ſpot; forget that e'er I was.
Then mayſt thou with Parthenia's love be bleſt,
And not one thought on me thy joys moleſt!
My ſwimming eyes are over-power'd with light,
And darkening ſhadows fleet before my ſight:
May'ſt thou be happy! ah! my ſoul is free. [

LYCIDAS.

O cruel ſhepherdeſs, for love of thee [*To* Parth
This fatal deed was done.

SCENE THE LAST.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, LAURA.

LAURA.

—Alexis ſlain!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimſon ſtain!
My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the moon her ſilver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my ſoul abhors the light;
Shade, ſhade the murderer in eternal night!

LAURA.

No rival ſhepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chaſteſt, the ſincereſt maid
That ever ſigh'd for love. On her pale face,
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace

Of thy once dear Dione? With wan care
Sunk are thoſe eyes, and livid with deſpair!

LYCIDAS.

Dione!

LAURA.

—There pure conſtancy lies dead!

LYCIDAS.

May heaven ſhower vengeance on this perjur'd head!
As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blaſted be the hand that gave the wound!
Off; hold me not. This heart deſerves the ſtroke;
'Tis black with treachery. Yes: the vows are broke
[*Stabs himſelf.*
Which I ſo often ſwore. Vain world, adieu!
Though I was falſe in life, in death I 'm true. [*Dies.*

LAURA.

To-morrow ſhall the funeral rites be paid,
And theſe Love-victims in one grave be laid.

PARTHENIA.

There ſhall the yew her ſable branches ſpread,
And mournful cypreſs rear her fringed head.

LAURA.

From thence ſhall thyme and myrtle ſend perfume,
And laurel ever-green o'erſhade the tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Come, Laura, let us leave this horrid wood,
Where ſtreams the purple graſs with lovers' blood;

Come to my bower. And, as we ſorrowing go,
Let poor Dione's ſtory feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.—

LAURA. [*Pointing to* Dione.
—Unhappy maid!
Hadſt thou a parent's juſt command obey'd,
Thou yet hadſt liv'd.—But who ſhall Love adviſe?
Love ſcorns command, and breaks all other ties.
Henceforth, ye ſwains, be true to vows profeſt;
For certain vengeance ſtrikes the perjur'd breaſt.

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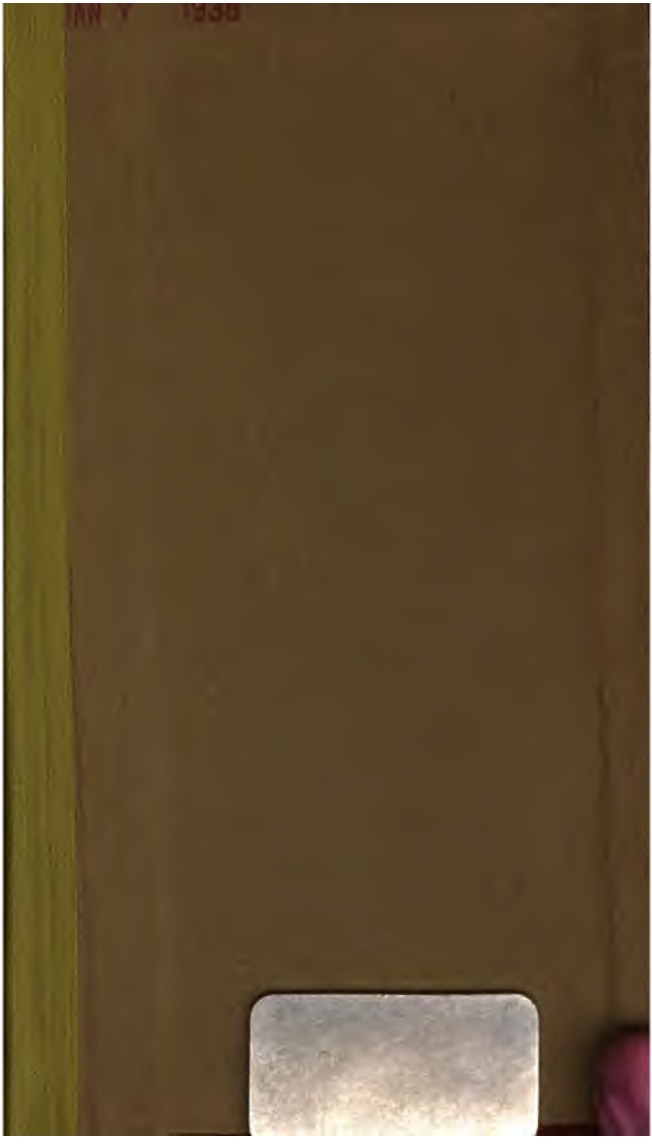
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